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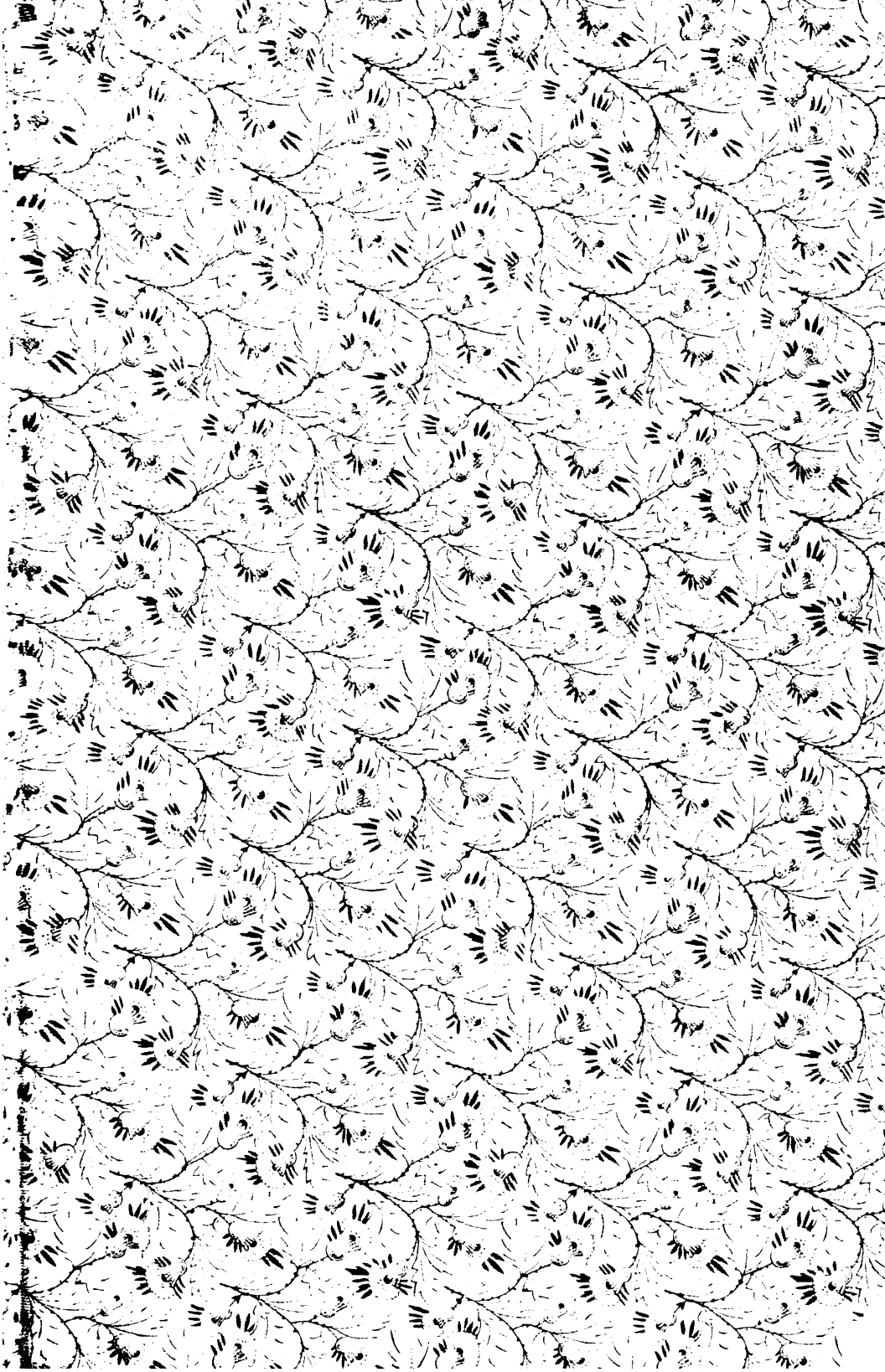
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BY

JAMES HENRY.

DRESDEN.

PRINTED BY C. C. MEINHOLD & SONS.

1866. *m*



EDWARD 's tó the hunting gone,
Hillo! hó! hillo!
His new bridal suit he has ón,
Hillo! hó! hillo!

Chéer up, chéer up, lovely bride,
Hillo! hó! hillo!
Only twó short hours he 'll ride,
Hillo! hó! hillo!

Twó short hours thou 'lt nót think long,
Hillo! hó! hillo!
All the evening, dance and song,
Hillo! hó! hillo!

Fóur long, lóng hours — nay, don't fret,
Hillo! hó! hillo!
Lovely bride, the sun 's high yet,
Hillo! hó! hillo!

Edward's horse is sure and strong,
Hillo! hó! hillo!
Safe will bring him home ere long,
Hillo! hó! hillo!

Horses' feet! down tó the gate,
Hillo! hó! hillo!
Open-armed, though he come late,
Hillo! hó! hillo!

"Where 's my Edward, groom and boy?"
Hillo! hó! hillo!
"Where 's my only, only joy?"
Hillo! hó! hillo!

"Gód! his horse come home alone!"
Hillo! hó! hillo!
"Gód! God!" cried, and with a groan,
Hillo! hó! hillo!

Sánk down by the horse's side,
Hillo! hó! hillo!
Dying — dead — the widowed bride,
Hillo! hó! hillo!

CARLSRUHE, February 1, 1856.

IN what enchanted ground
Are pearls poetic found?

Go seek them in the sea,
In the deep, deep sea,
Where thought and word are free.
Know'st thou that sea,
The deep, deep sea,
The sea of liberty?

That sea 's th' enchanted ground
Where the poet's pearls abound;
That sea thy line must sound
Wouldst thou a poet be.
Fear'st thou that sea,
That wide and open sea,
Where thought and word sail free,
No poet canst thou be.

CARLSRUHE, March 16, 1856.

* "AH! what 's the matter?" oft I cry,
Starting from slumber deep —
"Ah! what 's the matter? isn't she here?
What? where? was I asleep?"

And then I turn, and o'er my sense
Again steals slumber deep,
And then I start again and cry: —
"What? where? was I asleep?"

Even by broad day, at times, I start,
As out of slumber deep,
And cry: — "Where is she? wasn't she here?
What? where? was I asleep?"

CARLSRUHE, March 10, 1856.

I TOOK thee for a rose, thou 'rt but a poppy.
Why must I come so nigh? why could I not
Thine odour have imagined? I had so
Been richer now by one sweet rose the more.

CARLSRUHE, May 20, 1856.

* See DIRGE FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLII in MY BOOK; also POEMS CHIEFLY
PHILOSOPHICAL, pages 181, 208 and 285.

OEHLENSCHLAEGER.

— "Ich that es wie die Biene Zellen
Und wie der Vogel sich sein Nest erbaut."

OEHLENSCHLAEGER, Correggio.

As bees their cells build and as birds their nests,
As spiders weave and as Allegri painted
— By nature, not by art — thou madest thy verses:
Even therefore art thou, in these times of art,
These times, par excellence, of civilisation,
So little known or heard of, Oehlenschlaeger!
Till Nature reigns again and puts to flight
Pedants and sophists, there 's no chance for thee.

CARLSRUHE, April 16, 1856.

If I hadn't thee to love I would love something else,
To love, in itself is so lovely;
And if that something failed me I 'd still something love,
But I 'd never love any thing as I love thee,
So stay with me thou and don't leave me.

CARLSRUHE, May 19, 1856.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE FRONT OF THE PEDESTAL
OF A LATELY DECEASED POET'S STATUE.

IN this marble behold him, the wise and the good,
The philosopher poet, our glory and pride;
He 's gone from among us, but with us still live
And for ever will live in our héarts writ, his verses.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE BACK OF THE SAME.

BECAUSE I was wiser and better than they,
They hated and shunned or despised me while living.
And, to show how rejoiced they were, when I was dead
Collected subscriptions and sét up this statue.

CARLSRUHE, March 22, 1856.

IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

THE author's volume 's a monarchic state;
Its thoughts, serfs of one mighty potentate:
Here in the democratic album, see
The land of literary liberty,
Where high and low and great and small agree
Burghers to live in love and amity.

CARLSRUHE, April 4, 1856.

Written on the margin of a leaf of Goethe's Faust.

ERE Mephistopheles thou took'st in hand,
It 's pity, Goethe, that thou hadst not had
A lesson or two from the old, blind puritan,
Who would have rapped thee soundly o'er the knuckles
If he had caught thee travestying Satan,
And well thine éars boxed, hadst thou dared to téll him
Thou knew'st no difference 'twixt a fallen archangel
And a mere vulgar scamp and ticket-of-léave man.

CARLSRUHE, 1856.

"HOW lovely these flowers, and how sweet the birds sing!"

Thus said to me once Eleanore,
As we walked in the garden, one fine morn in spring,
Myself and my sweet Eleanore: —

"Where, where are the flowers? and what birds do you mean?"

But she blushed, my own sweet Eleanore,
For then for the first time she saw I didn't mind
Birds or flowers when beside Eleanore.

CARLSRUHE, May 20, 1856.

BELIEVE him not, no matter how he swears;
Into his eye look; there 's no kindness in it:
He cannot be your friend or any man's.

CARLSRUHE, May 18, 1856.

TO SELINA.

THE months that with them violets bring,
Bring not to me the sweetest spring;
The months the sweetest spring to me
Bring, dearest girl, that bring me thee;
Stay with me, then, and 'twill be here
The sweetest spring, to me, all year.

CARLSRUHE, May 13, 1856.

OH, the pink of all mill'ners is sweet Poesý!
For where is the mill'ner so well knows as she,
To deck the bare pélt out in robes of all hue,
— Purple velvets, blond laces, silks green, red and blue —
From her ówn fancy's loóm all, all sparkling and new?

CARLSRUHE, May 15, 1856.

In the Hardtwald, beside Carlsruhe,

March 12, 1856.

THOUSANDS of acres of loose, sandy soil,
Covered with ancient forest — rugged oak
In its third century's growth, Scotch fir gigantic,
Wide-spreading beech, tall poplar, elm and hornbeam;
And red pine with its graceful, hanging boughs
Where many a bush-tailed squirrel cradled swings,
Pruning the branches with a gardener's skill,
And the ground strowing with rejected fragments
Of the pink, tender, terebinthine buds.
Here on this mossy bank o'erspread with dry,
Crisp oak-leaves, let us stretch us, in the sun,
Where the still leafless hazel overhead
Dangles her golden catkins, and the lank
Male willow bends him toward his silvery bride.
And see, my Katharine, 'tis the butterfly,
The spring's first butterfly, has come to greet us,
And balances itself upon the soft,
Velvety, yellow tuft of yon Carline.
Poor thing! it takes this sunny twelfth of March
For genial April's all-reviving ray:
No wonder; these dry leaves are hot in the sun,
And the whole depth of the wood shuts out the North.
The ant too ventures forth and would be busy;
The heavy-cuirassed beetle awkward lumbers
Over the loose sand, where it's carpeted
Thick with the withered needles of the pine;
And, on its slender and elastic stilts,
The huge field-spider passes harmlessly

From blade to blade of short, white, sapless grass,
That by no bend acknowledges his tread.

Where were ye, all the icy winter through,
Mute, innocent burghers of these pillared aisles?
Where slept ye, the long night and sunless day?
Safe in what subterraneous cell beneath
What drifted snow-wreath? wrapped in what dry leaf?
Sheltered behind what loosening scale of bark?
The tiny spark of life that slumbered through
Those dreary hours, take heed ye lose not now,
Too much relying on the cheerier season;
The same bright sun that waked ye from your sleep,
Has waked your enemies too. From the bare bough
Of yonder tasseled alder sings the thrush
Notes, not of friendship to your helpless tribes,
And, on the great oaks of the neighbouring alley,
Tap-tap, tap-tap went, two full hours this morning,
The murderous woodpecker's strong, sharp bill.
Ah! why has Nature willed, through all her realms,
War, rapine, violence, and bloodshed? why
Must this one's life be that one's death, ah why?
Why are we not all brethren, as all children,
The selfsame parent's children? why, ah why?
Tell me that, wise men, and I 'll think ye wise;
Tell me that, Nature, and I 'll think thee good,
As good and kind as now I think thee cruel.
Come, come, my child; we must with this March sun
Not too long stay coquetting: toward the city,
And Goethe's or diviner Schiller's page.
To solemn Evening and more solemn Night
We leave thee, Hardtwald! and thy habitants —
With the next sunny noon we come again.

"OLD father Time, he loves thee so,"
Thus I once to my Muse,
"To grant thee aught thou ask'st of him,
Methinks, he 'll not refuse.

"So to him go, and stroke his beard,
And call him kind and good:
My bacon *he* may surely spare,
Who has the whole world for food."

Off went to Time th' ambassadress,
And stroked his beard and chin,
And begged and prayed, and vowed and swore
To eat me were a sin.

"All I can do to please," said Time,
"I 'll do for love of thee,
I 'll eat thy friend the last of all —
That 's a great stretch for me."

Back posting then the maid told how
She had won her suit, for I
Should live until the time Time's self
For want of food must die.

Then, to be sure, we did not chaunt
— My Muse and I, that night —
Ulysses, Time and Polypheme,
Until the morning light!

CARLSRUHE, May 14, 1856.

"O my love 's like the red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June:
O my love 's like the melodie,
That 's sweetly played in tune."

I DEARLY love the red, red rose,
That 's newly blown in June:
I dearly love the melody,
That 's sweetly played in tune.

But twice as much I dearly love
The rose on Mary's cheek,
And twice as much I dearly love
To hear my Mary speak.

For like her voice no music fills
My heart and soul with glee,
And like herself there 's in the world
No red, red rose for me.

CARLSRUHE, March 7, 1856.

BLESSED be the man who first invented chairs!
And doubly blessed, the man who beds invented!
But blessed above them both and praised for ever,
By sick and well, young, old, and rich and poor,
By grave and gay, and ignorant and learned,
By lazy and by idle and by tired,
And most, by all who love, like me, to loll,
The livelong day through, trilling maudlin verses,
Th' ingenious man, if man indeed he were
And not divine, who first invented thee,
Half bed, half chair, delicious, spring-stuffed sofa!
Stretched at my ease on thee, I envy not
Turkish divan or carpet, kingly throne,
Or lectulus of Pliny or Lucullus
In Ostian villa or by Pausilippo;
Nay, envy scarce the hyacinthine couch
From which, half raised upon his elbow, Adam
Leaned over Eve, enamoured, kissed her cheek,
And bade her waken out of her first sleep
And greet a second day in paradise.
My Muse's visits I receive on thee,
Semi-recumbent, make her sit beside me,
And chat and banter with her to no end.
On thee I make my toilet, sit on thee
And eat and drink, and stretch me out to sleep.
Thou art my bed, my prie-dieu, chair and stool,

My bookcase and my cash-drawer and my wardrobe;
On thee I 'll live, and when Death, at the last,
Comes looking for me, laid on thee he 'll find me,
And thou shalt be my coffin and my bier,
And share with me the long night of the tomb.

CARLSRUHE, May 8. 1856.

IT 's nót on the insect that creeps cautious forward,
Or lies without motion as if it were dead,
But on the gay flutterer busily buzzing,
Dionaea muscipula closes her trap.
Take warning, and as the dial's shadow steal cautious
Along life's spring-gun and man-trap beset road,
Of no higher praise ambitious than, "Nec vixit male
Qui natus moriensque fefellit." Adieu!

CARLSRUHE, March 31, 1856.

Putting a penny into a child's hand and closing its hand tight on it.

"Da hast du 'n Thaler in die Hand."

KEEP the penny fast in hand,
And 'twill buy thee house and land,
And coach and horses new,
And knives and forks and plates,
And steel fenders and steel grates,
And pretty children too.

CARLSRUHE, May 4, 1856.

After Aesop.

UPON a stately deer's horns once there sat a little fly,
A mighty little thing it was, upon the horns so high: —
“If I 'm too heavy for thee,” cried the fly down to the deer,
“Thou 'st only just to tell me so, and I 'll not stay long here.”
“Thou 'rt very good,” the deer replied, “to let me know
thou 'rt there,
But pray do not disturb thyself, I 'll try the weight to bear.”

CARLSRUHE, May 9, 1856.

AS little dog Faithful
Trots happy beside
His owner and master
And parts from him never,
So along with thee let thou
My verses go gladly
And stay with thee always
Wherever thou art.

CARLSRUHE, March 8, 1856.

'T WAS in my study as I sat,
One dark November day,
Fretting about I know not what,
And wishing it were May,

An ugly, wrinkled carle came in,
With leaden eyes and dull,
And set himself right opposite me,
And in my face stared full.

Not one blessed word he said to me,
But ever and anon
Groaned just as if his heart would break —
Be sure, I wished him gone.

His elbow on the table propped,
His chin upon his hand,
He looked, for all the world, like one
Who 'd lost both house and land.

He sat and sat, and stared at me,
I sat, and stared at him,
Just like two squatting frogs you 've seen
Beside a puddle's brim.

His jaundiced cheek turned chocolate, first,
Then deep grass-green, then blue,
And every time *his* colour changed,
I doubt not *mine* changed too.

How long we had sat I cannot tell,
When at the study door,
In-peeping, Eleanora cried: —
“You said you ’d go at Four;

“I ’m waiting now since half past Three,
With shawl and bonnet on.”
“Come in,” said I, “and see who ’s here” —
But lo! the carle was gone.

“And so it is and always was,
My own dear Eleanore!
Before thee fly my phantoms blue,
As night, the morn before.”

CARLSRUHE, May 18, 1856.

PLANT a robinia on your poet’s grave,
With delicate, green leaves and sweet, white flowers,
And prickles for the rude, offensive hand,
For to the kindly he was sweet and fragrant,
And only the unkindly felt his prickles.

CARLSRUHE, March 5, 1856.

THE EMIGRE.

Forty years absent from his native Loire,
He walked, one day, along St. Lawrence' banks,
And, as he walked, kept plucking, one by one,
The tender petals of a full-blown rose
He had in his hand, till not even one was left.
But when he saw the rose-cup bare and blank,
He sighed and of his home thought, smiling, once,
And rich with a large, happy family,
But now plucked bare by Time's hand — every leaflet
Withered, or dead, or scattered to the winds.
So with scarce conscious hand the emigré
Let fall into the stream the naked rose-stalk,
And, having a while watched it seaward carried,
Turned away lonely, and sat down and wept.

CARLSRUHE, March 24, 1856.

NEVER was king so royally
Served, as I by my housemaids three:
My first maid's name is Industry,
My second maid's name is Honesty,
My third maid's name 's Frugality.
Happy we live, right happily,
Together, I and my housemaids three.

CARLSRUHE, May 8, 1856.

"No summer 's by one swallow made,
I 've still heard people say,
And yet, methinks, cold winter comes
Each time thou fliest away."

Thus to a shepherd youth said once
A simple shepherd maid,
As, gathering buttercups, along
The river's bank they strayed: —

"I don't know how that is," said he;
"Perhaps the saying 's not true,
But lest it should be, comé with me,
And we 'll be swallows two;

"And 'twill be summer still with us,
Let 's fly where'er we may,
Along the meads, or o'er the hills
And mountains far away."

She went with him, the shepherd maid,
She went with him, that day,
And of them both I think each time
The swallows come in May.

CARLSRUHE, May 12, 1856.

THERE are two words the German says
Oftener than any prayer,
The first of them it is "wohin?"
The second is "wohér?"

Wohin? wohér? Upon mine ear
Wohin? grates like a curse;
But when I hear him cry "wohér?"
Methinks wohér? sounds worse.

CARLSRUHE, May 15, 1856.

A cold heart and unfurnished head
The man leave desolate,
Allied to princes though he be,
And boundless his estate.

But to the man of generous heart,
And loved, O Muse! by thee,
Even hermit's cell, and wilderness
Teem with society.

CARLSRUHE, May 19, 1856.

HEBEL.

HAIL, mighty Badish Orpheus! Hebel, hail!
With thy small wit and many witticisms,
And Alemannic doggrel, poems called
By all such Badeners as have perchance
Heard there was such a thing as poetry.
How I would like to have heard thee in the senate,
Advising statesmen about church affairs —
Evangelist and Lutheran and Papist,
And right and wrong, and moral and immoral,
And catechism, and providence, and God;
Then, to the theatre the 'Kirchenrath'
And prelate, following, marked him in th' orchéstra,
Ogling, and ogled by, the already thrice,
And soon a fourth time to be married, Hendl,
And, the play over, heard him, in the tavern,
Making acrostics on her, and, each time,
He cleared his pipe or drained his pot of beer,
Spewing the loved name forth in wreaths of smoke,
And blabbing of the kiss behind the scenes! *

O blest beyond the ordinary lot,
Wise without wisdom, without learning learned,

* See Extracts from Hebel's letters, contained in the account of his life prefixed to the three volume Edition of his works, published at Stuttgart in 1847.

No less the sovereign's than the people's darling,
 Philosopher who findest in the dinner
 Provided for the spider in the fly,
 Proof of God's providence for every creature, *
 For this, at least, I praise thee and admire,
 That thou hast given the lie genteel to Horace,
 And shown that here in Baden if no where else,
 Both Gods and columns patronise poetasters.

CARLSRUHE, May 4, 1856.

THE poor man is the carpet spread between
 The rough floor and the rich man's gouty foot.
 Tread on him softly, rich man, and be thankful;
 And if, at times, thou feel'st a wrinkle in him,
 Fly not into a passion, stamp not, rant not,
 Even for the sake of thine own gouty foot.

CARLSRUHE, March 21, 1856.

* "Lueg, 's Spinnli merkts enanderno,
 Es zuckt und springt und het sie scho.
 Es denkt: "I ha viel Arbet g'ha,
 Jez muessi au ne Brotis ha!"
 I sage io, der wo alle git,
 Wenns Zit isch, er vergisst ein nit."

HEBEL, Das Spinnlein.

Young Forester sings.

I NEVER hear the woodpecker's
Tap-tap upon the lime,
But I think of the tap-tap-tap
And hungry maw of Time.

But let me hear my Mary Anne's
Tap-tap upon the door,
And I think of the woodpecker's
And Time's tap-tap no more.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

MY poem is the temple of the Muse,
Wherein she dwells in majesty divine;
I am the priest, commissioned to refuse
The curious idler access to the shrine.
Wash clean thine hands, and cast from thee away
All that the body and the soul defiles,
Then reverent come, to meditate and pray,
And I'll admit thee to the sacred aisles.

CARLSRUHE, May 14, 1856.

I WALKED, in the sun, by the side of a wood,
Where the butterflies round me fluttered,
And the woodbine her purple buds spread to the warmth,
And the throstle his spring greeting uttered.

I laid myself down on the dry, mossy bank,
By the silver pine's graceful boughs shaded,
And gazed on the blue heaven until the sun set,
And the light from the landscape faded.

And my daughter beside me lay on the bank,
And a tear in her young eye glistened,
For she 's dead and gone, long dead and gone,
That with us to the throstle once listened.

So I kissed the tear from her daughter's eye,
The tear for the dead that glistened,
And we rose, and left that dry, mossy bank,
And no more to the throstle listened.

In the HARDTWALD, beside CARLSRUHE; March 9, 1856.

"Weiss der Snger, dieser Viere
Urgewalt'gen Stoff zu mischen,
Haß gleich wird er die Vlker
Ewig freuen und erfrischen."

GOETHE, Elemente.

THE poet must know how to sing
Of war and love and wine,
But from all three stay far away,
If he would be divine.

Still more the poet must know how
Folly to scourge and vice,
And, as the Koran, full must be
His book, of wise advice.

Such Hafiz was; well Hafiz knew
Right to divide from wrong,
And bitter wholesome, honey sweet
Was Hafiz' well mixed song.

Like Hafiz let him sing of war
And love and wine and truth,
And of the old be still the friend,
And still the guide of youth.

And let the poet keep from courts,
And walk erect and free,
His hand lay sometimes on the breast,
But never bend the knee.

When such a poet comes to die,
He bids you shed no tear;
The grave takes but his mortal part,
His whole bright soul stays here.

No animated bronze to him,
No sculptured marble raise;
His name is written in your hearts,
What needs he other praise?

CARLSRUHE, March 11, 1856.

AT the kernel to get, thou must first break the shell;
So ere thou the shell break, consider it well;
For bad if the kernel, and broken the shell,
Thou 'rt a fool for thy pains — so consider it well.

CARLSRUHE, May 13, 1856.

NEVER spider span so fine
As I spin this web of mine,
Tó be swept out of the room,
By the pópe's-head or the broom,
Early let it come or late,
Bóth the web's and spider's fate.

CARLSRUHE, March 2, 1856.

MY Polly is a paladin
Without reproach or fear,
Her scissors are her two-edged sword,
Her needle is her spear.

Her cuirass is of whalebone stout,
Her helm 's her platted hair;
She loves to go with visor up
And neck and shoulders bare.

Her pincushion 's her armoury;
Her housewife, page and groom;
Her foes are every mother's son
Of spinning-wheel and loom.

Upon her finger when she has braced
Her burnished, silver shield,
"For gussets and for gores!" she cries,
And rushes to the field.

God pity then the cotton breadth,
Or silk, comes in her way!
The sweepings-up, 'at night, declare
The carnage of the day.

There 's many a valiant knight inscribed
Upon the roll of fame,
In letters that outshine them all,
I 'll write my Polly's name.

CARLSRUHE, May 6, 1856.

IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

I WISH there were no albums! not one pen
In the whole, wide world! "What wouldst thou have in it,
then?"

Why, laugh and chat, and song and dance and glee,
And half a dozen friends, and thee and me.

CARLSRUHE, April 4, 1856.

"Adolescens, tametsi properas, te hoc saxum rogat,
Uti ad se aspicias, deinde, quod scriptum est legas.
Hic sunt poetae Pacuvi Marci sita
Ossa. Hoc volebam, nescius ne esses. Vale."

M. PACUVIUS, *Burm. Anthol. Ed. Meyer, No. 24.*

AND now I know thy bones lie here, vain poet,
What am I better? do they smell sweet? taste sweet?
Shine bright like gold, or feel, like velvet, soft?
Must I be stopped upon my way, to hear
That which to hear serves me not, nor to tell
Serves thee? Farewell! thou restless even in death.

CARLSRUHE, May 19, 1856.

ONE sunny April morning we were sauntering,
I and my daughter, by the black Alb's side,
Just where it touches Mühlburg's neat, white village,
Westward of Carlsruhe, when we lit upon
A peasant woman gathering the sloe blossom,
And to our question, for what purpose so
Despoiled the branches of their pallid honors,
Received for answer, she would make a posset
To cleanse the inside, and purify the blood: —
"Better uncleansed, unpurified," said I,
"Inside and blood, already pure enough."
But she looked at me, unconvinced, nor could I,
By any argument or eloquence,
Persuade her from her dogma, that 'twas good
To cleanse the inside and purify the blood;
So, on our walk we went, and left her there
Filling her apron with the tender bloom.
Sweet reader, recognisest thou thy type?

CARLSRUHE, May 21, 1856.

THE painting, to live long, must be a poem;
The poem's already dead, that's not a painting.

CARLSRUHE, May 19, 1856.

"WHICH was the better poet of the two,
Virgil or Horace?" to his master, once,
Said a precocious, brisk, inquisitive schoolboy: —
"First tell me which is best," replied the master,
"The mutton or the salt?" "Why, both are good,"
Answered the schoolboy, with a watering mouth,
"But of the two, I like the mutton best."
"Right!" said the master; "Scaliger himself
Could scarce have answered better. My fine lad,
Virgil 's the mutton, Horace is the salt;
Both good; but, of the two, the mutton best."

CARLSRUHE, May 10, 1856.

"PROUD, boastful Man," 'twas thus the herring said,
Raising above the wave his shágreen head
— The sounder heard him as he dropped the lead —
"Come down and with us here in the deep sea
Live but one shórt half hóur, and we 'll agree
That God made all his world alone for thee."

CARLSRUHE, May 8, 1856.

"MY book 's the wide wide, open field;
My page, the trees, flowers, grass;
My study lamp, the broad, bright sun —
Whose hours so happy pass?"

"My open field 's the printed book;
My trees, flowers, grass, the line;
My broad, bright sun 's the midnight lamp —
Whose life is so divine?"

Disputing so, as they passed by,
I heard by chance two friends:
"I with you both agree," said I —
And so my story ends.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

"OF the worst of bad things still some use may be made,"
Thus, it chanced, to Neaéra, one day, Horace said,
"With one only exception" — "Don't tell me; I know it,"
Said Neaéra arch-smiling, "except — a bad poet."

CARLSRUHE, March 21, 1856.

IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

I NEVER write in albums but I think
How much good paper spoiled and wasted ink.
"And wasted sense" — Nay, not so fast, good friend,
It 's little sense we, album-writers, spend.
"Time, then." Ay, time! but don't you know, of time
One always has enough to make a rhyme?
So I stand firm to what I said at first,
The expense of ink and paper-is the worst.

CARLSRUHE, April 4, 1856.

MOSLEM WINE-DRINKER'S CATCH.

"Ob der Koran von Ewigkeit sei?"

(SEE GOETHE'S WEST-ÖSTLICHER DIVAN.)

THE Koran they say 's mighty old,
And every word in it divine;
But diviner and older, I 'm bold
To declare it, 's a cup of good wine.

This cup of good wine 's mighty old,
And every drop in it divine,
Not diviner or older, I 'm bold
To declare 't, in the Koran 's a line.

CARLSRUHE, March 10, 1856.

INSCRIPTION

FOR SAADI'S TOMB IN SCHIRAZ.

(SEE GÖTTE'S WEST-OESTLICHER DIVAN.)

BORN in Schiraz, bred in Bagdad,
Saadi — poet, dervis, pilgrim —
Lived two years beyond a hundred.
Into India, Anatolia,
Saadi travelled learning wisdom,
And, by unbelievers captured,
Saw the sun set in th' Atlantic.
Fifteen times, the Prophet's shrine he
Visited in holy Mecca,
And, at last, in Schiraz dying,
Ended happily his travels
On the spot from whence he set out.
Underneath this stone his bones lie,
His blest spirit 's with the Prophet.

CARLSRUHE, March 13, 1856.

BECAUSE I am nobody, turn not, I beg,
With disdain from my pages, but read them all through;
The poor newsman but one eye may have, or one leg,
Yet the news which he brings is not therefore less true.

CARLSRUHE, March 10, 1856.

THE ARAB.

(SEE GÖTTE'S WEST-ÖSTLICHEN DIVAN.)

THE Arab wanders far and near,
Four gifts he has from God,
A turban, tent, and sword, and song,
To help him on the road.

His turban white becomes him more
Than an imperial crown,
His tent he takes from this spot up
And sets on that spot down.

He 's safer with his trusty sword,
Than inside tower or wall,
And when he sings, the maidens slip
Back from their heads, the shawl.

He milks his kine, he shears his sheep,
And knuckles to no man,
And when he 's mounted on his horse,
Catch him whoever can.

CARLSRUHE, March 10, 1856.

THE DEAD DOG.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

(SEE GÖTTER'S WEST-ÖSTLICHER DIVAN.)

As the Christian prophet, Jesus,
Through Jerusalem's narrow street walked
On a sultry summer's day,
In his path a dead dog lay: —
"Lord," said to him a disciple,
"It's a dead dog's stinking carcase;
Let us go another way."
But the wise and blessed Jesus,
Meekly stooping, raised the dog's lip
And, to the amazed disciple
Turning, said: — "Hast thou in thy mouth,
Teeth as white and clean as these?"

CARLSRUHE, March 8, 1856.

TO HOFRATH J. CH. DÖLL,
AUTHOR OF THE "RHEINISCHE FLORA";

ON OUR LEAVING CARLSRUHE, MAY 27, 1856.

WHERE'ER we wander we shall read thy name
Inscribed on every flower and blade of grass,
And, as we sigh to think how far thou'rt from us,
Say: — "Is he sometimes too of us reminded,
As he walks in the Hardtwald and, by chance,
Observes a flower or grass we have studied with him,
Drinking his lessons in, with eager ear?"
Farewell! and know no trouble till again,
— Next year, perhaps, if only Heaven be kind —
We study Nature with thee in the Hardtwald.

ELISA begged I 'd go to her,
My heart, it bade me go,
But at my side sat Antoinette
And in my face looked: "No."

She waved her hand and smiled and said: —
"Yes, yes, you 're free to go,"
But in her eyes I plainly read: —
"No, if you love me, no."

I loved them both, they both loved me,
I 'd fain both stay and go,
So to them both I answered "Yes,"
— And both to me said: "No."

BASSANO, August 22, 1856.

I BADE farewell to Antoinette,
With tears and many a sigh;
I almost wished we had not met,
So painful the good-bye.

But to Elisa when I should
Have said farewell and tried,
My heart grew faint, and on my lips
Th' unfinished sentence died.

"Because you loved Elisa more?"
No; make another guess.
"Because Elisa was the last,
And both were gone?" — Ah! yes.

BASSANO, Sept. 14, 1856.

TO BE PLACED OPPOSITE THE BUST OF MONSIGNORE

GIAMBATTISTA SARTORI CANOVA,

BISHOP OF MINDO,

IN THE MUSEO COMUNALE OF BASSANO.

"WHOSE bust is that there?" What! dost thou not know
Munificence personified in Sartori,
Canova's second self and uterine brother,
Mindo's most modest, learned, and Christian bishop?
I know him well and all Italia knows,
And thanks the brothers for her precious relics
Torn from the robber Gaul's tenacious grasp,
And to her arms restored. More wouldst thou know,
Go, ask Possagno * that with every day
More loves and blesses him; go, ask Crespano;
She answers: "He is mine, I gave him birth."
Or listen! every stone ** thou seest around thee,
A tale is telling of Sartori's worth.

BASSANO, September 2, 1856.

* Possagno — the residence of the Bishop of Mindo.

** Most of the objects of art in the Museo Comunale of Bassano, have been presented to it by the Bishop of Mindo.

IN THE ALBUM AT POSSAGNO,

ON REVISITING POSSAGNO AFTER AN ABSENCE OF TWO YEARS,
AUGUST 1856.

Two years older, two years wiser,
And, by every visit paid here,
Made, at least, two whole years happier.
So let me go on, and never
Absent from thee, at one time, be
More than two years, loved Possagno!

TO SIGNORA ELISA PAROLINI,

ON OUR LEAVING BASSANO.

From our northern home, rejoicing,
One short month ago we came here,
Beckoned by a smiling vision,
To the walls of old Bassano.

To our northern home returning,
Why so sad and slow our steps now?
Ah! behind us left the vision,
And the walls of old Bassano.

BASSANO, September 15, 1856.

POET AND ALBUM.

POET.

ANOTHER album! well, I sometimes think:
How happy poets, always thus to have
A pretty album ready to their hand!

ALBUM.

Not yet a poet! well, I sometimes think:
How luckless albums! not one in a thousand,
Once, in his whole life, falls in with a poet.

BASSANO, August 21, 1856.

TO DON PIETRO ABATE BONVICINI,

WHO REQUESTED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE A VERSE IN HIS ALBUM.

To bid me write 's to bid the drunkard drink,
The miser hoard, the dice-player play on:
Thou dost not love me, or thou 'dst bid me burn
Inkstand and pen and book, and now, at last,
Begin to be a wise man and say nothing.

BASSANO, August 21, 1856.

TO SIGNOR FRANCESCO AMBROSI

OF BORGO, IN THE VAL SUGANA,

ON HIS LEAVING BASSANO, SEPT. 12, 1856.

FAREWELL, my friend, and, as thou hast begun,
Press on, undaunted, up the hill of Knowledge;
For though th' ascent be steep, and never mortal
Has sét foot, or shall sét foot, on the top,
Its paths are pleasant all, and sweet and wholesome,
Refreshed by breezes, and with flowers perfumed,
And upon every side commanding wide
And various prospect, shadowy or in sunshine.
Thére thou shalt nót be justled by the crowd,
Or by the whirling chariot-wheel o'errun,
Or thrust into the mire, or choked with dust,
Or by the saucy, liveried lackey flouted;
But, climbing, with the few, assiduous upwards,
Lóok, through the thin air, down upon the glimmer
Of thrones and coronets in the haze below,
Not without pity — with, perhaps, a tear.
Then, when at last thy failing heart and breath
And tottering step will carry thee no further,
Desist contented, and be laid to rest
On some bold cliff or jutting promontory
With larch or birch crowned, or gray juniper,
And on the everlasting rock beside thee,
Be these words chiseled: Thus far, his stout heart
And strong, untiring nerve and sinew bróught him.

TO ROMILDA RAGAZZONI,
FRANCESCO RAGAZZONI, AND GIAMBATTISTA BASEGGIO,

ON OUR LEAVING BASSANO, SEPT. 18, 1856.

Róund this table, bý this lámp's light,
Where so oft we 've met ye, happy,
Wé shall not again soon méet ye —
Fare ye well! think óf us sometimes.

Róund this table, bý this lámp's light,
Where so oft we 've met ye, happy,
In our thoughts we 'll often méet ye —
Fare ye well! think óf us sometimes.

Róund this table, bý this lámp's light,
Where so oft we 've met ye, happy,
Máy new happy friends still méet ye —
Fare ye well! think óf us sometimes.

TO SIGNOR GIAMBATTISTA BASEGGIO

ON MY LEAVING BASSANO, SEPT. 18, 1856

FARE thee well! I don't complain that
Thou tak'st with thee a so lárge slice
Of this poór heart — I complain but
Thát thou tak'st.that slice so sudden.

I SAW, in Dresden, on a windy day,
A man and woman walking side by side,
— I tell a plain fact, not a poet's story,
And to my reader's judgment leave the moral —
He on his arm was carrying his great coat,
She, upon hers, a heavy-laden basket;
When, lo! a blast of wind comes, and the man,
Attempting to put on his coat, lets fall
Out of his mouth, ah, misery! his cigar;
But the compassionate woman quickly sets
Her basket on the ground, and with her right hand
Helping the coat on, with the left picks up,
And puts into her own mouth, the cigar,
And whiffs, and keeps it lighting, till the man 's
Ready and buttoned up, then gives it back,
And takes her basket, and, all right once more,
Away they go, the man with his cigar,
The woman with the man, well pleased and happy.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, November 10, 1856.

GOD bless the light, the best thing God e'er made;
I would not even be buried in the shade,
Let sunbeams on the spôt play where I 'm laid,

And Lucifer and Hesperus shine bright,
And the sweet Moon and all the train of Night,
And glow-worms shed their mellow, rainbow light;

And not far off, the lark, on dewy wing,
At day's fresh, wakening touch, each morning, spring
Up to the clouds, the praise of light to sing,

And gay cicadas 'Io Paeon!' chant
All the hot noon, all evening corncrakes rant,
And Philomel, till midnight deep, descant;

Of whom but thee, great conqueror of night
And darkness! telling, — thee, the pure, the bright
Soul of the world, etherial, living Light?

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, March 5, 1857.

A LITTLE nearer, and a little nearer —
Gradual, unceasing, scarcely to be felt:
And take this useless dréss back, bit by bit,
This motley and this bauble and these bells;
And there now — push me in, and cover up,
And to your daily business home — forgét me,
Laugh and be merry — one by one ye 'll follow.
It is a tragedy, a farce, a jest,
A horrid murder, isn't it? — Ay! farewell.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, Febr. 13—14, 1857.

GLADLY I 'd go with my letter,
Kiss thy cheek and say: "How do?"
But, alas! what were I better,
Who, next hour, should bid adieu?

At the price of so much sadness
— Warm though beat my heart, and true, —
I 'll not buy the fleeting gladness;
Théré 's no pain like "Friend, adieu!"

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, Febr. 23, 1857.

'Twas the heat of the battle at Inkermann,
And the balls they were whistling round,
And, as if it were water, the red blood ran,
And with corpses was strewed the ground.

Then if you had seen Lord Raglan's face,
You had said he looked jaded and pale;
But hé is no Briton who stirs from his place,
While victory hangs in the scale.

Who is it that yonder comes up the hill,
With a bottle of wine and a chair?
The balls about him may whiz, if they will,
He stops not, he cares not a hair.

It 's own man John, who has stolen from the tent
With a chair and a bottle of wine: —
"Don't be angry, my Lord, for you know it 's well meant,
And even a Field-Marshal should dine."

'Twas late, late at night, when Lord Raglan came
To his tent, back, with victory crowned: —
And "Where 's John?" he cried, and loud called John by name,
But John was no where to be found.

"Three men and a lantern," Lord Raglan said;
"And a pickaxe and shovel bring here,
For John on the field of battle lies dead" —
And there stood in that stern eye a tear.

Four men to the field of battle are gone,
In the dead of the dark, dark night,
And turn over the corpses, one by one,
And hold to their faces the light.

"In vain, all our labor," the foremost said,
"He 's not here or the night is too dark" —
When he stumbled on something as heavy as lead,
And, behold! there lay John, stiff and stark.

On the spot they found him they buried him there,
In the cloak the fourth man had on,
And three of them prayed a hasty prayer,
But the fourth he looked steadfast on John,

And said to himself: — "One friend, at least,
When I die, will be spared the pain,"
And hurried his comrades, for in the East
Daylight was appearing again.

And never a traveller by Inkermann
Asks word of that famous fight,
But he 's shown the grave of the serving-man,
And told of that dark, dark night,

And of a glazed ring Lord Raglan wore,
From that day to the day he died,
With a lock of gray hair and pearl letters four
And a knot of black ribbon, inside.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 16, 1857.

VERSES

RECEIVED FROM T. N. COLE ESQ.,

IN REPLY TO A NOTE WHICH THE AUTHOR HAD SENT HIM, REQUESTING
HIM TO PURCHASE GOVERNMENT STOCK ON THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT, AND
ENCLOSING HIM SOME VERSES BY WAY OF RECOMPENSE FOR THE TROUBLE.

Thy note (oh, how welcome!), dear Doctor, convey'd
A promise of pleasure and trouble;
By what oversight, then, was the trouble mislaid,
And the packet of pleasure sent double?

DUBLIN, April 23, 1857.

TO T. N. COLE ESQ.,

IN ANSWER.

Since it gives thee só much pleasure
Tó take trouble for thy friend,
Ít 's thy friend's part, tó take góod care
Thát thy trouble have no end.

Gó and see, now, that the Transfer
Hás been duly made, and be,
Fór the pleasure of the trouble,
Thankful in thy heart to me.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 23, 1857.

TO FRÄULEIN MINNA GEMMEL

OF MARIENWERDER,

WHO HAD SENT THE AUTHOR A CARD ANNOUNCING HER BETROTHAL,
WITH THE EMBLEM — A FLY APPROACHING A SPIDER'S WEB.

THE window-pane is yours, the ceiling, floor,
The well spread table, cupboard, open door —
What for a little fly could Heaven do more?
From your fair realms you turn away and hie
Into a cobweb, buzzing there to lie
The spider's prey — ah, silly, silly fly!

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, March 4, 1857.

In Powers' studio, Florence,

Sept. 17, 1857.

I CAME, a youth, to Florence, and, enraptured,
Gazed on the wonders of the Grecian chisel:
I come a man, with ripened taste, to Florence,
And from the Venus turn to Powers' Greek Slave.

In Powers' studio, Florence,

Sept. 20, 1857.

"THEY are not living, though they seem," I said;
"And still less are they — what they seem not — dead.
What are they then?" Powers pointed to his head,
And smiling answered: — "Dreams born here and bred."

"YOU make áll your books too long, sir,"
Said to me, one day, a critic,
Laying down my last new volume,
And his snuff-box, solemn, tapping: —

"If my book 's too long," replied I,
"Make it short by reading little;
Wére 't too short, you might not find it
Quite so easy tó add tó it."

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 7, 1858.

WITH doses small of hellebore, beginning,
Or opium, or the foul Virginian weed,
Stomach and taste grow, by degrees, accustomed,
And relish first, then doat upon, the poison.
The flatterer's unction so, poured plump at once,
With rough, rude dash, into thine itching ear,
Moves nausea, and thou criest: — "Hold, hold! enough!"
But, with nice tact dropped in, the selfsame virus
Soothes and delights; thou hold'st thy head a-stoop,
And, drained the ámphora ás it had been a phial,
Criest: — "Móre of thát, sweet friend, more, give me more."

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 5, 1858.

"Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve."

PARADISE LOST, IV, 323.

So father Adam was his own born son,
And her own fairest daughter, mother Eve:
And father Adam was his own sons' brother,
And sister of her daughters, mother Eve.
And father Adam of himself was father,
And mother of herself was mother Eve:
And father Adam was his own grandfather,
And gréat grandfather, and great gréat grandfather,
And great great great grandfather — without end:
And mother Eve was her own grandmother,
And great grandmóther, and great gréat grandmóther,
And great great great grandmóther — without end.
But mother Eve was father Adam's wife,
And father Adam's sons were mother Eve's,
So mother Eve was father Adam's mother,
And grandmother of father Adam's sons,
And grandmother of father Adam's self,
And great grandmother, and great great grandmóther,
And great great great grandmóther — without end.
And father Adam — being the lawful husband
Of mother Eve, and father of her daughters —
Was mother Eve's own father and grandfather,
And great grandfather, and great gréat grandfather,
And great great great grandfather — without end.
And mother Eve was father Adam's sister,
Aunt and grand-aunt and niece and cousin-german;
And father Adam, mother Eve's own brother,
Uncle, grand-uncle, nephew, and full cousin.

And father Adam was his own sons' cousin;
And cousin of her daughters, mother Eve:
And father Adam's sons and mother Eve's
Daughters were cousins, all, among each other,
And, intermarrying had sons and daughters,
Goodliest of whom was still old father Adam,
Fairest of whom was still old mother Eve.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Febr. 15, 1858.

ARCHAEOLOGIST.

NEAR ancient Rome there was a place they called
Ad tres Fortunas, from three temples built
To Fortune, at the meeting of three roads.

TRAVELLER.

Near modern Rome the same three roads meet still,
And, where they meet, you see, upon three walls,
Three frescoes of the Virgin, and are told
The place's name is Alle tre Madonne.*

FIRST SEMICHORUS.

Things live for ever, it 's the names that perish.

SECOND SEMICHORUS.

Not even the names die, we do but decline them.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Febr. 5, 1858.

* "Questo luogo prende il nome di *Alle tre Madonne*, da tre figure della Vergine, dipinte sulle porte di tre vigne, in una specie di crocevia da cui uno dei cammini conduce alla porta Salara. Trovo in Nardini (Ediz. in 4. pag. 192) che questo medesimo luogo presso a poco, portava anticamente il nome *Ad tres Fortunas* per cagione di tre templi dedicati alla Fortuna sotto differenti titoli, dei quali fa Vitruvio menzione, III. 1." AGINCOURT, Storia dell' Arte (Prima Traduzione Italiana), Prato, 1827. vol. IV. pag. 72, not.

FOR THE TITLE-PAGE OF MY BOOK.

OF good, bad, middling, here — as everywhere
In the wide world — be sure thou 'lt find a share:
The good admire and praise, the bad excuse,
And put up with the middling, prays the Muse.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 7, 1858.

IT happened once, in ancient Rome's Arena,
Lay in death's agonies a pregnant sow,
Whose soft flank a broad-headed spear had laid
With wide gash open, when, behold! forth jumped
Out of the gaping wound, all of a sudden,
A little pig, aborted, and, amidst
The assembled multitude's loud shouts and laughter,
Hither and thither ran about th' Arena,
Squeaking, affrighted, and in a dark corner
Took refuge, at the last, and sobbed and died.

Passing belief the story, had our own
More sober times not witnessed similar portent,
Nor thou and I, sweet reader, in th' Arena
Stood by, spectators, when a naked Pict
— Terribly red with raddle was his skin,
And black with lampblack, and with ochre yellow —
Lanced, with a mere, sharp-pointed, sharp-edged quill,

The swollen side of a supercilious southron,
And lét out with the life's blood, not alone
Foul pus and venomous ichor but a brat
That yelped and sprawled a while, then went to Limbo,
Leaving behind, to aid the rod and frighten
Obstreperous children, the scarce wholesome name,
George Gordon's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.
Witness, with me, of this still stranger fact,
Discredit not the story told by Martial.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 9, 1858.

THE sterling gold coin, issued from the mint,
Travels from hand to hand, and sometimes well
Is used and profitably, sometimes ill
Or to no purpose: and the wise man's word
Passes from mouth to mouth, here full of blessing,
There null and void, or noxious. Happy thou,
Who know'st well to apply both currencies.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 21, 1858.

DEPLORE, ye Graces, Chloe's death deplore;
Never again shall ye be counted four.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 9, 1858.

I CARE not to divert, still less I care
To teach, my reader; least of all, I dare
To impose, upon his ignorance, false for true,
Or stale, worn-out, old thoughts, for fresh and new.
The wonder 's therefore not, that not by all
Readers I 'm read, but that I 'm read at all,
That even so many curious eyes should choose
To take a peep in at Dissolving Views
Got up by a dreamer, his own self to amuse.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Dec. 29, 1857.

GOD 's not the word thou oftenest hear'st in Rome,
Nor Christ, nor Pio Nono,' but — bajocco;
Out of the heart's abundance the mouth speaketh:
And when by chance thou hear'st God's name in Rome,
Or Christ's or Pio Nono's, to make sense
Thou must supply the ellipsis of — bajocco.
Yet say not thou, they have quite forgot, in Rome,
Their ancestors' great word, Rome's Common Weal;
No, no! it lives translated in — bajocco.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, January 16, 1858.

AS I muttered to myself once,
In the Vátican, thinking nó one
Heard or heeded: — "What a sháme 'tis,
Thére 's no catálogo of these countless,
Rare, inestimable treasures
Of the learning theological
Of all countries and all ages!"
Thé Custóde, á good fellow,
Plucked me by the sleeve and whispered: —
"Fór our ówn use, we want neither
Books nor catalogues, *our* faith 's settled;
Right or wrong, the catholic 's in for it:
And for *your* use — why, God knows you 've
Móre faiths, móre books, ánd more catálogos
Thán you wéll know what to dó with."

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Febr. 8, 1858.

Í AM the hare; thou, reader, art the lion:
Gnash not thy teeth, roar not, use not thy strength,
But play with me, goodnatured, till thou 'rt tired,
Then with a yawn, magnanimous, let me go.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 8, 1858.

"YOUR gift 's the payment of a previous debt,
Or it 's a venture twice as much to get;
Or — if it 's neither of these two — I pray,
What is your gift, sir?" "Why, it 's" — "thrown away."
"No, sir, it 's generosity" — "most rare!
That gives what with convenience it can spare."

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 4, 1858.

Íf you dón't know what 's a true friend,
Gentle reader, í will téll you,
Though I own, I never sáw one:
Wéll! a true friend 's — but you mústn't let
Even your dearest or your nearest
Know I ever said or thought it —
Any one who such a fól is
Ás to give his *quid* before he 's
Quíte sure that he 'll get a *quó* for it.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Febr. 10, 1858.

"PSHAW! the poetic breed 's extinct," said once
A starred and gartered courtier to a poet;
"We have no Horaces or Virgils now."
"True, may it please your lordship," said the poet,
"The race died out with the Mecenases."

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 1, 1858.

SING ding-a-dong-ding, boys, sing ding-a-dong-ding;
Don't ye hear the church-bells, boys, how merry they ring?
Come, let 's join all hands round, boys, and dance while we
sing
God bless our own sélves, boys, God bless church and King!
Sing ding-a-dong-ding, boys, sing ding-a-dong-ding.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 26, 1858.

WEIGH well thy judgment, thou that judgest me,
For by that very judgment I judge thee.

VIA BORGOGNONA, ROME, March 5, 1858.

DECIDE, kind critic, of what stock we are come;
Whose blood our veins warms, Maro's or whose else;
We would fain be noticed, fain have praise or blame,
And in men's ways are not so little versed,
So wholly simpleton, as not to know
That pedigree 's the omega and alpha
In the account of merit and demerit,
And the reputed sire decides the worth
Of horse and hound, alike, and pig and poem:
So pray make haste, good critic, and God bless you!
Subscribed: Unhappy Copa, Catalecta,
Culex and Ciris and Moretum, foundlings.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 10, 1858.

"TRUE wisdom what is 't?" "Let me think. True wisdom —
But tell me first what you think is true wisdom."
"True wisdom 's —" so and so and so and so.
"Why, to be sure, exactly," said the wise man,
And the fool thanked him and away went, happy
To have met, at long and last, one truly wise.

PISTOJA, April 11, 1858.

"HALT! who goes there?" the sentry cried;
The thief, he answered "Friends."
The sentry let him pass, and so
My truthful story ends,

For Honor 'twas who mounted guard,
And Beauty lay within,
And Love and Beauty still were friends —
It was no cheat nor sin.

PISTOJA, April 9, 1858.

TO SELINA.

TELL me not that thou lov'st me, but by acts
Shów me: convince my sceptic eyes; mine ears,
Docile and credulous, are sure to follow.
Beginning with mine ears, thou dost but set
More on their guard, my scrutinizing eyes,
The heart's sole sure vedettes — ah, foolish heart!
What use even sure vedettes, if weak the fort,
And treachery in the garrison? — I love thee.

PISTOJA, April 4, 1858.

"FIE! you 've só ill writ my verses,
Í myself can hardly read them,"
Tó my pen, last night, I said smart,
As I wiped his inky muzzle.

"What! *your* verses, sir, *your* verses!"
Answered pen, his long nib opening,
And, each syllable, distinct as
Any judge, articulating: —

"Sir, the verses nó more yóurs are
Than the ship's wake is the steer's-man's,
Than the drumstick's note 's the drummer's,
Than your shadow 's by the sún owned.

"Till the fire's heat is the stoker's,
Till the mill's clack is the miller's,
Till her magpie's chatter 's Lucy's,
Thése shall never be your verses."

"Pen," said I, "the pothooks, hangers,
Pops and crosses, no doubt, yours are;
But the spirit, soul, and essence
— Suum cuique — mine are only."

"Let 's divide then — suum cuique,"
Said pen, drily; "pothooks, hangers,
Dots and crosses, all, with mé stay:
Take your essence, soul and spirit.

"Whát do you stáre at? do, pray, táke what
Yours by right is." If I stared, 'twas
In amazement wise pen wás not
Better up to Plato's Phædon.

PISTOJA, April 11, 1858.

THOU ask'st my counsel in this matter, friend,
Because, forsooth, I better know than thou.
Is it because I better know than thou,
Thou followest not my counsel, but thine own?

PISTOJA, April 12, 1858.

THE wind said to the harp-string: — "Softly thrill;
Sweet soul, thrill softly; loud sounds jar mine ear."
"Then let thy touch be soft," replied the harp-string,
"For it 's to thy touch I thrill, not of myself."
I heard, as I passed by, and, since that day,
The human mind has been to me that harp-string;
Every external influence, that wind.

PISTOJA, April 9, 1858.

IN THE ALBUM OF
SIGNOR FRANCESCO BARTOLINI,

PISTOJA, APRIL 7, 1858.

DEUCE take it! — the more in your album I write,
The less it 's an album, the less it 's white;
So away with your album out of my sight,
If you 'd háve your album an album right;
For lét me set tó in an album to write,
I never leave off as lóng as I have light,
And only more copious, pure and bright,
My Hippocrene flows, the more I write;
So away with your album out of my sight,
If you 'd háve in your album one spot left white;
For lét me set tó in an album to write,
I never draw breath, or rein-in tight,
Or stop my Pegasus in his flight,
And sometimes I 've known him fly all night,
And be flying still in the morning light,
As sky-lark buoyant, or paper kite;
So away with your album out of my sight,
If you 'd háve your album an album right.

LOUISA.

FIVE pretty dogs with red tape collars gay
Keep guard about Louisa, night and day;
This licks her hand, that pulls her by the gown,
This one she pats, and that she bids lie down,
And this she kisses. Is there man alive
Would not change place with any of the five?
If, as I 've heard it said, there is above,
In the blue sky, a heaven of joy and love
And everlasting sunshine, I 'd resign
All of that heaven intended to be mine,
To be Louisa's whole five dogs one day,
And round about her feet and ancles play,
And frisk and bark, and pull her by the gown,
Be patted, coaxed, and kissed, and bid lie down
And not be naughty, not dare make so free,
Then, with a chirrup called, jump on her knee,
There to be cuddled, coaxed, and kissed again —
That one day be my heaven! — Ye Gods, amen!

PISTOJA, April 6, 1858.

"I SING the captain and the pious arms
Which from the Soldan freed the tomb of Christ."

Very nice, Tasso, that, for the marines,
But won't go down with me, a practised sailor.
Thou singest — if to trávesty 's to sing —
Heathen Eneas and his roving Trojans.
Lord! had the Mantuan bard but lived to hear
Scraped on a fiddle string his bugle notes,
How he 'd have fumed and fretted and protested,
And, in his agony, to Apollo cried: —
"Great God, what have I done, so to be flouted?"

PISTOJA, April 9, 1858.

TO LOUISA,

ON OUR LEAVING PISTOJA, APRIL, 1858.

DISCHARGE Ali; thou 'st ever by thy side
Our two hearts hovering, by no red tape tied:
Absent from us their willing watch they keep
About thee still. Wake cheerful, soundly sleep;
No harm can touch thee. Leave 't to us to weep.

ON a terrace of the Hrádschin,
Hand in hand with gallant William,
Lovely Bertha stood, at midnight,
And looked down upon the Moldau.

Autumn leaves were falling round them,
From the lindens of the Hradschin;
Waning moonbeams cast both shadows
On the troubled face of Moldau: —

“Though thou ’rt loyal, true, and gallant,
Though our wedding day ’s tomorrow,
If there ’s faith in omens, William,
Never shalt thou call me wedded.

“There ’s ill luck in running water,
There ’s ill luck in waning moonbeams,
Falling leaves, of death are emblems,
And the witches ride by midnight,

“And I see the blue light dancing
On the ripple where the saint * died —
Never eye beholds that blue light
But it weeps the dead, the morrow.

* A brass cross, inserted into the parapet of the bridge of Prague, marks the spot where Saint John Nepomuk was thrown over into the water and drowned, by order of King Wenceslaus, in 1383. According to the legend, blue flames are occasionally seen playing on the water below.

"William, fly; trust tó thy fléet horse;
Lét not sunrise catch thee tarrying;
Dresden's sûre walls are not fár off,
And th' Elector is thy kinsman.

"Féar for mé not; strong the bars are
Of Our Lady's holy cloister —
Fly! begone! begone, this moment!
Conrad stickles not at murder."

"Never, Bertha, from thy side shall
Fair or foul divide thy William;
Craven Conrad, I defy him —
Thou 'rt my wedded wife tomorrow.

"Sûre as now I put this guardian
Signet ring upon thy finger,
— See the holy cross upon it
Tó defend thee from all chances —

"Sûre as now I kiss and bléss thee,
And thy heart feel palpitating,
Tó my bosom as I press thee,
Thou and I are one tomorrow."

Bertha shrieked — it was the signet,
All too large, had from her finger
Slipped, and fallen into the Moldau: —
"Lost!" she cried, "and we 're lost with it."

"Foolish maid! 'twas but a ring," said
William, though his heart misgave him,
As he led her up the stóne steps,
And took leave at Hradschin portal: —

"Soundly sleep, and dream of mé, Love,
Till the matin chimes awake thee;
Soundly sleep, there is above, Love,
One who guards the unoffending."

All that weary, lóng night, sleepless,
Bertha tossed upon her pillow;
In the hall of Wladislaus,
Anxious up and down paced William.

"Ah!" sighed Bertha, as she looked out
On the lowering clouds at day-break,
And the rain fell and the wind blew —
"That 's no sky for me and William."

Nów it 's broad day and the Hradschin 's
All one joyous stir and bustle;
Hither, thither, pages, gróoms run,
And the chapel bells ring merry,

And the wedding guests are gathered,
And the priest stands at the altar,
And Lord William in his hánd holds
Lady Bertha's hand and kisses: —

"I am thine and thou art mine till
Fróm each other by death parted" —
Is 't the echo of the lóng aisles,
Or a voice cries: — "*By death parted*"?

Is it blood drops on the bride's hand?
Is it blood spirts in the priest's face?
Yés, it 's blood, Lord William's heart's blood;
Voice and arrow they are Conrad's.

Word from that hour forward never
Passed the lips of Lady Bertha;
Thé next waning moon's beams féll on
Twó new tombstones by that altar.

Not so smooth by pilgrims' feet, since,
Worn the stones but thou canst tráce still,
Ón the one, Lord William's figure,
Ón the other, Lady Bertha's.

Fighting against Egypt's Soldan,
Ín the holy wars, fell Conrad,
Penitent — if there 's repentance
Fór the murderer of a brother.

Walking from PISTOJA to MARZABOTTO, April 13 and 14, 1858.

JOHANNES LEIS,
INNKEEPER ON THE BRENNER,

SEPT. 30, 1858.

"How long my life may last, God only knows;
God knows alone how sad may be its close:
Whither I go from hence, who knows but God,
Or where my head shall lie beneath the sod?
Ísn't it a wonder I can quiet here
Sit, smoke my pipe, and drink my pot of beer?
Christ be about us, and his people still
Crown with all blessings, save from every ill."

So on his signboard moralizes wise
The Graslboden-wirth, Johannes Leis.
Would he deter us, or invite us in?
To drink and smoke, is 't virtuous or a sin?

Too late, today, to inquire; but next time we
Come down the Brenner we 'll step in and see;
That is to say, if still Johànn is here,
And smokes his pipe and drinks his pot of beer;
'Ab hoste fas doceri' 's no bad rule;
Even in a beer-house one may go to school.

THEIR tombs stand on the Appian, with their names,
Honors, and titles; but their dust — where is it?
In vain thou searchest for one single grain.
Go now, proud Man, and build thee tombs to carry —
No, not so much as even thy very dust,
Down to posterity; go, build thee tombs.

BOTZEN, SOUTH TYROL, May 4, 1858.

ONCE on a time I made a great acquaintance —
Say rather, a great man made my acquaintance —
It was in Rome, that city of great men;
A duke he was, they called him My lord Duke,
And bowed before him, for he was a duke.
Well! though he was a duke, he had heard of me,
And, though he was a duke, desired to see me,
And forced an introduction through a friend
— A duke may have a friend who has a friend
Who has a friend who knows a printer's devil,
Or devil of a printer or bookseller

Or publisher, who in the way of trade 's
Acquainted with an author — and came to me,
And shook me by the hand, and on the sofa
Sat down beside me, and, when he had sometime
Stared at me, as a child stares at a lion
Or great white bear in a menagerie,
Began to question me, what? how? where? when?
And was it possible I was so learned,
So very learned as he had heard I was
But scarcely could believe, I looked so simple?
And begged to know their titles that he might
Purchase, and in his library put, my books;
And hoped I would allow him to come often
And chat with me on literary subjects,
When I had leisure and was so inclined;
And did so much regret he could not pay,
This time, a longer visit, but, next time,
I might count on his staying; and away
Went, gracious smiling, and so flattered left me,
That, had I been a dog, I had licked his hand
And wagged my tail, to show my obligation —
And of my lord Duke I heard never more.

So ended in the same hour it began
— Brief, brilliant, phosphorescent, meteoric,
Like a star shooting in the midnight sky
And swallowed up by darkness the next moment —
The only patronage to my lot fell ever
In this great world, where all things go by favor,
And even the king himself not by desert
But favor holds his crown: REX, DEI GRATIA.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 7, 1858.

NURSE.

I wish you joy, sir, of a son and heir,
A bouncing boy, the image of his father,
God bless him!

FATHER.

There 's a guinea for yourself;
And stay — go quick to the apothecary's
And get a little fennel for the child,
And bid him put a drop of laudanum in it,
For I hate squalling brats. And stay, again —
Compliments to the mistress, and be sure
She doesn't take cold; and muffle up the knocker;
And send to tell th' old gentleman and lady;
And let me have some breakfast — I 've been ringing,
And ringing, till I 'm tired, and no one answers —
And I must see the doctor when he 's going;
And bring me this day's paper; and take Snap
Away from me, he never ceases whining
Since he was shut out of his mistress' room;
And tell whoever asks you: never, but
When it pleased God to send a pair at once,
Was happier Papa than I this morning.

Walking from MALSCH to CARLSRUHE, June 1, 1858.

FIFTY years and five, and upwards,
Down the stream of life, together,
We have rowed in one boat, Jenny,
Toward the everlasting ocean.

See where right ahead it opens;
On your oar rest, let the current
Of its own will bear us forward;
Soon there 'll be no current longer;

Nothing but the eternal ocean,
Round and round, on all sides round us,
Without motion, without ripple,
Without port, or shore, or bottom;

Where no rain falls, where no wind blows,
Where no sun or moon or star shines,
Where there 's neither chart nor compass,
Nothing but the eternal ocean.

Don't be frightened — in that ocean
There are neither rocks nor quicksands;
Pirates don't infest its waters,
In its waters there 's no shipwreck.

Courage, Jenny! who would turn now,
And row up against the strong stream,
Which so softly, smoothly bears us
On its bosom, floating downward?

Downward, on its bosom, floating,
Each beside the other, Jenny;
On your oar rest, and, with stout-heart,
Bid the eternal ocean Welcome!

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 7, 1858.

SCHOOLMASTER.

CAN you tell me, my fine little fellow, from what
Celebrated historical fact it appears
That to ancient Troy's ladies the use was unknown
Of an elegant, airy, balloon crinoline?

SCHOOLBOY.

From the fact, that to let in the great wooden horse,
Troy's gate being too small, the walls had to be breached,
Which had never been done if Troy's ladies had worn
An elegant, airy, balloon crinoline.

For who can doubt, sir, that to let easy in
The great wooden horse, large enough must have been
The gate, large enough to let circulate free,
An elegant, airy, balloon crinoline?

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 3, 1858.

GRÉAT big fishes have great big mouths,
Gréat big throats and gréat big bellies,
Gobble up, as matter of course, all
Little fishes thát swim néar them.

Little people, take fair warning,
And away keep from great people,
If you wouldn't be gobbled up, as
Little fishes by the big ones;

Fór great people have great big mouths,
Gréat big throats and gréat big bellies,
Gobble up, as matter of course, all
Little people thát come néar them.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 13, 1858.

THE mighty puritan hoped, and he was right,
Men would not willingly his song let die:
I, than the mighty puritan less humble,
Challenge all men to make that poem die
Which, whether his or mine or whosoever,
Has in itself vis vitae. Such a poem
Gains strength, not loses, with increasing years,
And sees men's generations round it perish
Like leaves in autumn, or the waves that break
In regular succession on the shore.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 3, 1858.

IN EMMA NIENDORF'S
(LA BARONNE SUCKOW'S) ALBUM.

WEINSBERG, JULY 6, 1858.

PÉN, ink, paper — I opine —
Múst with head and heart combine,
Ére the hand can write a line
Whích Apollo and the Nine
Sháll agree to call divine.

Lo! pen, ink and paper mine,
Hére with head and heart combine
Tó write Emmeline a line:
Lét her eyes upon it shine
— Ural diamonds from the mine —
Ánd I cáre not what the Nine
And Apollo call my line.

I CLOSED mine eyes and, lo! beside my couch
Stood Glory with a laurel in her hand,
And loud my name called thrice, and round my brow
The garland twined, and bade me rise and follow: —
“Goddess, I come,” cried I, and, with a bound,
Leaped from the bed, methought, but she was gone,
And I had leaped, not from the bed alone
But through a portal that stood open wide,
Beside it, and whose door behind me closed
Almost ere I had passed. I looked aróund me,

And all was dim and dismal, blank and silent,
To the eyes a mist, a vacuum to the ears.
Horried I turned round, and strove to force
Open the door, and loudly called to open.
In vain! as firm as adamant it stood,
Showing no sign of hinge, or bolt, or lock: —
“Lost! lost!” I cried, despairing, and had fainted
But that a sound confused came through the door,
Of joybells ringing and hurraing voices.
I listened, and my name heard several times
Shouted, and proclamation read thereafter
Of my birth’s hundredth anniversary,
And joyful jubilee thereat through all
The little land of Truth: — “Hither, my friends,
Hither!” I cried, and with a beating heart,
Panting, awoke, and found myself in bed,
All silent round me save the ticking clock,
And chanticleer below my window crowing.

Walking from NECKARSULM (WÜRTTEMBERG) to AGLASTERHAUSEN (BADEN),
July 7—8, 1858.

“I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand.”

LORD BYRON.

HIS lordship had too much drunk and saw double,
A palace and a prison on each hand,
Where there was only on one hand a palace,
And on the other hand a prison only.
’Twas after dinner; or the second palace
And second prison are mere fe fa fum —
I wouldn’t for all the world say, Harrow grammar.

Walking from AGLASTERHAUSEN to WALDWIMMERSBACH, BADEN, July 8, 1858.

LIFE is a walk along a colonnade,
Alternate sunshine and alternate shade:
Behind the column here, all 's dark as night;
There, through the arch, streams in the golden light.
Hold steady on through light and shade thy march;
Blame not too much the column, nor the arch
Too much praise; on each other they depend
Harmonious, and not far off is the end.

Walking from HEIDELBERG to WEINHEIM, July 13, 1858.

CADI MEHASEB.

ONCE upon a time in Bagdad
Lived a Cadi called Mehaseb,
An unjust judge, by the rich loved,
By the poor man feared and hated.

Hé would never use the two ears
God had given him, one on each side,
This to hear the plaintiff's story,
Open that for the defendant.

Hé would never look with both eyes,
Fair and even, on both suitors,
But would keep with one eye squinting
Toward the glittering gold zecchini.

Só the Pacha thought he 'd cúre him,
And sent fôr him, óne fine morning,
And said tó him: — "Master Cadi,
Ít 's plain yóu 've no use for twó ears.

"Óff with óne ear, janizaries!"
And the ear was off that moment: —
"Master Cadi," said the Pacha,
"Gó and lóok sharp; yóu 've still twó eyes."

Fróm that dáy forth righteous ever
Judged Mehaseb with the óne ear —
Even to this day Bagdad's Cadis
Beg you not to name Mehaseb.

Walking from SIMMERN to ZELL on the MOSELLE, July 20, 1858.

THE letters in the Book of Knowledge run
From right to left, after the Hebrew fashion,
And the book ends upon the recto side
Of the leaf standing farthest to the left.
There, on the recto of the left-hand leaf,
Fool Man begins to read, and puzzles on
Backward, perverse, false spelling, till he comes
To the last right-hand leaf, and there leaves off,
No wiser for his pains, and to himself
Says complaisant: — "What a fine thing is knowledge!"

Walking from SIMMERN to ZELL on the MOSELLE, July 20, 1858.

THEODORIC THE GOTH.

IN his castle of Ravenna
Sat Theodoric, the Goth,
With his clenched hand smote the table,
Swore by the Almighty God: --

"Blood he 'll have, the bloody Caesar,
And he shall have blood enough --
Why should only sceptic heads fall? .
Haven't believers also throats?

"Who waits? fifty men to Milan,
And a headsman and an ax --
Off with two heads of the noblest
Friends of Caesar and the Church."

Who 's a nobler friend of Caesar
Than Boethius the wise?
Who than Symmachus devoted
More to Caesar and the Church?

Both heads fall, and, stuck on long poles
At Theodoric's castle gate,
Face the monarch as he rides out
With his courtiers to the chase: --

"Hell and Furies!" cries Theodoric,
"Thrów those heads into the sea;
Sée their eyes, how théy glare ón me,
Hów they loll their tongues at mé."

Hadst thou seen the king's fallen visage
Ás he róde on with his court,
Hadst thou heard his pages' whispers,
Thóu 'dst not called that hunting, sport.

From the chace returned, and feasting
Ín his royal hall of state,
Whý with horror turns Theodoric
Fróm that grinning head of skate?

"Gláre not on me so, Boethius;
Symmachus, put in thy tongue:
The fisherman, who fished your héads up,
Fróm high gallows shall be hung."

Pale and shivering sits Theodoric,
Ánd his eyes have lost their shine.
Wrap him in a double mantle,
Chafe his limbs and pour down wine.

Nów his cheeks are hot and crimson,
Ánd his round, red eyeballs stare,
Ánd he grinds his teeth in passion,
Ánd on end stands up his hair.

Nów he cálls out: — "Ho, Boethius!"
"Sýmmachús, ho!" nów he calls,
Raves and shouts and stamps and curses,
Till he shakes the castle walls.

Holy Saints, your servant ever
Sáve from heresy's deadly sin,
Lét him die in your communion,
Mother Church's pale within.

Who 's to shrive the Arian sinner?
Who 's to anoint with holy oil?
Ínto his móuth who 'll put the wafer
Thát of blood wipes out the soil?

Únshriven dies, unsacramented,
Unanointed, Italy's king.
Enemies of Christ, take warning;
Ít 's for yóur dear sakes I sing.

Walking from STADT KILL (RHENISH PRUSSIA) to CAMPENHOUT near
MECHELN (BELGIUM), July 25 to August 1, 1858.

WILLIAM AND EMMA.

"Gó not tó the hunting, William,"
Emma said, and threw her árms round
William's neck, and kissed his brówn cheek,
And made him sit down beside her.

"Ín a dream last night I sáw thee
Pale upon the grass extended,
Fróm thy side the life's blood ebbing,
Nó one near to save or hélp thee.

"Ín the thicket chafed a wild boar
With the snout and tusks all bloody;
Gó not tó the hunting, William,
Stáy this óne day with thine Emma."

"Foolish Emma," answered William,
"Thére 's no wild boar in the forest;
Íf there 's danger in the hunting,
Fór the gáme fear, nó for William."

William 's gone — not to the hunting,
But to meet Lord Henry Batty;
Ín the forest, ón the gréen sward,
Foot to foot, they stand with swórds crossed.

Tierce and quart, a feint and parry —
Ánd the third thrust lays Lord William
Pale upon the sward extended,
Fróm his side the life's blood ebbing.

Henry flies; a corpse lies William;
Át his side too late kneels Emma —
Whóse sword 's this that in the gráss gleams?
Gréat God! it 's her brother Henry's.

Ón the face of Emma never
Smile was seen from thát day forward,
Pleasant word from that day forward
Never passed the lips of Emma.

Fírst a novice, then a bláck nun,
Ín Saint Bridget's holy cloister,
Áll day long she prays for Henry,
Hálf the night through weeps for William.

Prayers and tears, I 've heard it saíd, count
More in heaven than gold and jewels,
Ónly let the heart be humble,
Ánd as pure as Emma Batty's.

Prayers and tears can ease the swollen thought
And bring back peace to the troubled —
Ah, could they but staunch the death wound,
Or the spark of life rekindle!

William's grave 's in Upton churchyard;
In Saint Bridget's cloister, Emma's;
Henry's bones lie in Jerúsalem;
Pray for all the three, good Christians.

GHEENT, August 5, 1858.

ONE womb maternal gave birth to two brothers
Into existence called by different fathers.
Defly the one could wield the sculptor's chisel,
And peopled with live statues half the world.
His cenotaph 's in Venice, where he died,
But in Possagno a sarcophagus,
Hewn by his own hand, holds his honored bones,
And, by his own hand reared, a temple covers,
Vast as Agrippa's. Opposite, in view,
Stands what was once Antonio's humble dwelling,
A bishop's palace now, for Giambattista,
Bishop of Mindo, the thrice hallowed roof
Raised and adorned in memory of his brother's
Birthplace and infancy, and gathered round,
Even from most distant Rome, the artist's models,
And, under one dome, placed in company,
A company unparalleled in the world.
And there he lived, and there I knew him well,
Canova's uterine brother, Mindo's bishop;

And, large of heart, blessed all the country round,
Unlike in that a bishop — except Cambray's.
And there, last week, he died nonagenarian,
And, laid in the sarcophagus with his brother,
Doubles the sanctity of that Pantheon,
And if I visit thee again, Possagno,
'Twill not be as a happy friend meets friend,
But as sad pilgrim kneels before a shrine.

Walking along the canal from BRUGES to OSTEND, Aug. 6, 1858.

TO ADDAH.

SAY not I love thee not, for Emma loved thee,
And what my Emma loved, I doubly love,
Love for my Emma's sake and for its own;
For worthy was my Emma of all love,
And worthy of all love, all Emma loved.
To say I love thee not, then, is to say
I neither Emma loved, nor love what 's lovely.

DALKEY LODGE, near DUBLIN, August 18, 1858.

FEAR, in the evening born, and nursed all night,
Grows sick and weak, and dies at morning light;
But Hope, born in the morning, nursed all day,
Grows sick and weak with Sol's departing ray,
Pines away gradual in the waning light,
And sad sets out for Hades at midnight.

Walking from EDENVILLE, MOUNT-MERRION AVENUE, to DALKEY, Jan. 19, 1859.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR A YOUNG POET.

FIRST let thy Muse be tender; all hearts love
A tender strain, even those which are the rudest:
There is no mystery in tenderness;
The sucking baby understands and loves
A tender nurse — so, first of all, be tender:
School-boys and school-girls and old driveling men
Will steep with tears thy pages, sob "How charming!
How touching sweet! why, he 's a very Goethe —
Scarce Werther's sorrows make one cry so much."
But flour, however sweet and good, unmixed,
Makes better bread, mixed with a little bran,
And but for the concluding pistol shot
Even Werther's sorrows were long since forgot;
So, mix a little horror in, judicious,
Feeding with tenderness, with horror seasoning,
And satisfying so both appetites.
Observing these two precepts, thou shalt see
Edition treading on edition's heels,
And the loved name in great six-inch-long letters
Placarded, side by side with Longfellow's,
In every book-shop window; and thy praise
Read in the Quarterlies and Monthlies sung
In flippant, fashionable slang dogmatic:
Observing these two precepts, thou need'st heed
None other; mayst expatiate free as air,
Laughing to scorn not rhythm and measure only,
But science, learning, wit and common sense.

EDENVILLE, MOUNT-MERRION AVENUE, near DUBLIN.

SAID I to my truelove: — "Come, marry me."

But my truelove, she answered, "No."

So I turned about and to Cupid said: —

"Little Master, you 're free to go."

But Cupid flew off to my truelove, straight,

And whispered two words in her ear —

What those two words were I cannot tell,

How could I who did not hear?

But next morning my truelove came back to me,

And said: — "Sure I meant to say, Yes."

"It 's a bargain," said I, and we signed and sealed —

Had you, in my place, done less?

EDENVILLE, Febr. 10, 1859.

"KÉEP the real Virgil far away," said Dryden,

"And with my Virgil thou shalt be well pleased."

But I say: — "With *my* Virgil to be pleased,

Thou must beside it close put the real Virgil."

EDENVILLE, Oct. 20, 1858.

THERE is a way to be beloved,
One, only way,
And that one way 's to take good heed
To what you say.

No matter what you think or do,
We máy agree,
So long as on your tongue no word
Displeases me.

But if you say one little word
Cross-grained to me,
That little word is sure to mar
Our harmony.

So whether yours are virtue's ways
Or ways of vice,
Mind well your tongue and keep your friend,
Is my advice —

Advice I never took myself,
Nor ever will,
An awkward blurter of the truth,
For good or ill.

EDENVILLE, Febr. 10, 1859.

TO SELINA

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, WITH A JAR OF HONEY.

FOLLOWING the example of the olden time, *
To inaugurate with sweetest sweets the year,
I send thee of my store of virgin honey:
Be the whole year to thee a honied year!

EDENVILLE.

TO OVID DEPARTING FOR TOMI.

LAMENT not, poet, though thou leav'st behind thee
Thy dear-loved Roman hills and Tiber brown,
And house and home and family and friends,
Thou leav'st behind thee, too, the implacable,
Jealous, vindictive, iron-hearted tyrant,
With all his meanness, greatness, pomp and pride.
Lament not, poet, though thou takest with thee
— Sad comrades! — exile, loneliness, and want,
Thou takest with thee, too, the laurel crown
And all men's sympathy except thy foe's.
Still thou lamentest — ah! I will not blame thee,
Apollo never but on one condition
Bestows the never-fading laurel crown:
That it be kept perpetual wet with tears.

EDENVILLE, Sept. 9, 1858.

* Ovid, Fasti, I. 185.

THEY call her Morning Red. She is a damsel
Who, every twenty-four hours, in the sky
Makes her appearance ere the rising sun,
To disappear the moment the sun 's risen.
Buoyant and fresh and fair and ever young,
See where she hovers between Night and Day
— One cheek in shadow, one cheek bright and glowing —
Hope's image, to the life, and prototype.

EDENVILLE, Sept. 14, 1858.

THEY call her Evening Gray. She is a matron,
Who, every twenty-four hours, in the sky
Makes her appearance after the sun 's set,
To disappear as soon as stars are risen.
Half in reflected light and half in shadow,
See where she sits, disconsolate and lone,
With drooping lids, wet cheeks, and folded hands —
Grief's image, to the life, and prototype.

EDENVILLE, Sept. 15, 1858.

"Odi profanum vulgus et arceo."

BEGONE, come near me not, O most profane,
Abominable Vulgar! What know'st thou
Of Spondee, or of Dactyl, or of Trochee,
Or great Hexameter rolling like a sea?
What 's to thee Strophe? Antistrophe, what?
Or Epode? or ill-natured, smart Iambus
With curled-up nose, and one leg long, one short?
Thou 'st never roved on Helicon; foot never
Set on Parnassus; never quenched thy thirst
At Hippocrene's delicious, bubbling spring.
Phoebus to thee 's the sun; to thee Diana 's
The moon, indicative of change of weather;
And the nine goddesses of the Aonian Mount
Are well off if for nothing worse thou count'st them
Than nursery maids or National-school teachers,
Who have forgot the best half of their toilette.
Off! I 'll not touch thee, know thee, or to do
Have with thee; and if ill-advised, officious,
Well meaning friends thy name so much as whisper,
I 'll stop mine ears with both my hands, and roar,
And furious on the ground stamp with both feet,
Till nothing in the whole world 's heard but me.
And if thou 'rt thrust upon me still, I 'll leap
From a rock's top into the sea and drown,

That, if I mayn't live separate, I at least
May separate die and separate cross the Styx,
And separate set my tent up, in Elysium,
On the far bank of Lethe rolling ever
Its flood impassable 'twixt thee and me.

Walking from EDENVILLE to DUBLIN, Octob. 21, 1858.

"FOOL!" said the sensualist to the laborious,
"Who without pleasure passest thine whole life,
Thou diest tomorrow and thy labor's lost."
"I set against thy pleasure," answered mild
And pausing from his labor, the laborious,
"The pleasure I've in labor, and I find
The balance in my favor; to this balance,
Adding the pleasure which my labor's products
Buy me, I find the balance more than doubled:
And if my labor and my labor's pleasure
Die with me, so do not my labor's products;
While by thy pleasure nothing's left behind,
Not even a stone whereon to write HIC JACET.

Walking from DALKEY to EDENVILLE, Oct. 20, 1858.

ALL the whole world loves twaddle: — "How do you know?"
All the whole world reads Harriet Beecher Stowe.

EDENVILLE, Jan. 1859.

IN Error's wood there are a thousand paths
Through which thou mayst for ever wander on,
Stumbling, perplexed, benighted, torn with thorns,
With growling wild beasts on all sides beset;
Happy, that find'st thyself, at long and last,
In the one, only path which leads to Truth's
Enchanted castle, hid, in the wood's thickest,
Deep as in Dodonean forest, Jove's,
Or in Castalian, Phoebus' shrine lay buried,
Or in Albuna's grove prophetic Faun,
Only to be approached through pestilential
Miasms, and sulphurous exhalations dire,
And sights appalling and unearthly sounds,
And bloody sacrifice and gifts of price.

EDENVILLE, Nov. 15, 1858.

"JUDGE me not, father!" said the ingenuous youth,
"A *man* must only by his peers be judged;
By his un-peers why should a hapless *boy*?
Impannel a boy jury, I submit."

Walking from EDENVILLE to DALKEY, Oct. 24, 1858.

THE farmer's dairy and the poet's study
Are like each other — manufactories both
Of good wares, as the case may be, or bad:
Good, if the milk is rich, and fat the cream,
Crumbly the cheese, and sweet the yellow butter
And not too salt, and if the poem 's full
Of melody and sense and entertainment,
Such as Iopas sang at Dido's feast,
Or laurel-crowned Apollo at great Jove's
When all heaven listened and the Muses chimed
Chorus, and Hebe's young eyes sparkled joy.
But if the milk is blueish, and the cream
Little or none, the butter soft and streaky,
And the tough cheese defies the tooth like leather,
That farmer is an unthrift and should sell
His dairy, to the butcher send his stock,
And, himself, emigrate to California
And at the diggings try his hand a while,
For people will not good gold for bad butter
Willingly give him, or his bad milk drink,
Or with his bad cream muddy their clear tea,
Or honor and respect show to the maker
Of bad cheese; so at home there 's no chance for him,
And California is his Promised Land.
But not unthrift the poet though his poem
Has neither sense in it nor melody,
Nor entertainment; nay, the thrifter rather,

And to grow rich and be admired the likelier,
See, while he lives, edition on edition
Following, like lightning flashes in a storm,
Or minute guns from ship distressed at sea,
And, when he dies, have statues to his honor
Raised by a grateful, weeping fatherland.
So let *him* stay at home, and every day,
Like Byron and Sir Walter Scott, write worse,
Till he becomes a hero and, expiring,
Sees with his swimming eyes the laurel crown
Ready to drop upon his funeral bust,
And sad and slow goes down to unpoetic
Hades and silence and the thin-eared ghosts.

Walking from EDENVILLE to DALKEY, Oct. 24, 1858.

BY Youth and Age alike, the present 's borne:
By Youth, because the future 's full of joy —
Ah, wicked Hope, that so deceivest Youth!
By Age, because the future 's full of sorrow —
Ah, wicked Fear, that not deceivest Age!

EDENVILLE, Oct. 2, 1858.

OLD father Time brings truth to light,
They say, and I believe them right
When I the proverb bring to mind,
That those who hide know where to find.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Sept. 23, 1859.

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam illius meminisse!"

IT 's true to the letter:
A thousand times better
The mere recollection
Of that piece of perfection,
One sweet, melting thought
From that sepulchre brought,
Than society's joys
With their hubbub and noise —
Yet I 'm not quite so sure
I wouldn't rather endure,
 If I had my selection,
Even the hubbub and noise
Of society's joys,
Than be laid side by side,
Were the coffin so wide,
 With that piece of perfection..

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 18, 1859.

SNAP.

WHAT a fine critic, had he learned to write,
Snap would have made! he can both bark and bite,
And, as to understanding the belles lettres,
Show me the "We" that understands them better.

ROSAMOND, Oct. 1, 1859.

SLEEP is a froward child who when you will,
Will nót, and when you will not, will, perverse.
Make múch of him and coax him, and you only
Make him more wilful; force him, he rebels,
Or runs away and in some dárk hole hides;
But leave him to himself, he comes, at last,
And jumps upon your lap, and flings his arms
About your neck, and smothers you with kisses,
And covers your two eyes with both his hands,
And asks you what you see, and, when you say
"Houses and ships and trees and men and horses,"
Chuckles, and says: — "They 're mine, and if you 're good
And let my hands stay always on your eyes,
I 'll give them tó you to be yours for ever;
But if you 're bold and push my hands away,
I 'll take them all and put them in my pocket
And keep them for a fellow I like better,"
And, with the word, down from your lap the imp
Jumps nimble, and runs off, and from the room's
Furthermost corner cries: — "Bo-peep! come, cách me."

ROSAMOND, March 20, 1859.

INSCRIPTION ON AN EGG.

DESPISE me not because I am an egg,
A plain, unostentatious, simple oval:
Ómnia ex mé; and birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes,
Whatever in its nostrils has life's breath,
Even thou thyself — I care not who thou art —
And every tree that grows, and flower that blows,
All, all are brothers of the Dioscuri.

ROSAMOND, Febr. 14, 1860.

"Wer das Dichten will verstehen,
Muss in's Land der Dichtung gehen;
Wer den Dichter will verstehen,
Muss in Dichters Lande gehen."

"POETRY to understand,
Gó into the poet's land."
Só says Góthe, but *I* say
Thére was never but one way
— Fie upon your "poet's land"! —
Poetry to understand,
Ánd that óne way 's — áll things shów it —
Tó be born, like him, a poet.

ROSAMOND, November 19, 1859.

WE, though a little word of two short letters,
 A most important word is, and ambiguous;
 Sometimes it means those personages mighty,
 The speaker, active, and the passive hearer,
 Taken apart, distinguished from mankind.
 Sometimes it means the author and his reader,
 Pair never without honor to be mentioned,
 By me, at least, who in myself comprise,
 Not seldom, both the units of this dual,
 Writing what no one reads except myself.
 In olden time it was a royal word,
 This little *We*, and, ungrammatical,
 Took on it to express the Lord's anointed,
 The DEI-GRATIA DUX, the great bell-wedder.
 Those were the glorious days of pigmy *We*,
 Too happy to last long, for minor folk,
 Following — as minor folk are apt to do —
 The bad example set them by their betters,
Weed and re-*weed* and *weed* again, audacious
 And at nought setting decency no less
 Than grammar. Whereat kings and queens, incensed
 And with disgust filled, cast the plural off
 And left it there, to be thenceforth for ever
 The representative pronominal
 Of editors, reviewers, costermongers,

Tailors and grocers, and hoc genus omne
Of varlets, and to unsophisticated,
Plain, simple *I*, in royal sulk, returned;
And *I*, this moment, our most gracious Queen
Victoria writes herself; *I*, to her lords
And gentlemen in parliament assembled,
Herself addresses. Long may she so write,
Long so address herself — God save the Queen!
Prays *I*, in duty bound and in good grammar.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, April 28, 1859.

PROMETHEUS AND IO.

IO.

I PITY thee, Prometheus; wise and wretched.

PROMETHEUS.

That wisdom 's wretchedness, I know too late;
But art *thou* happy, Io, without wisdom?

IO.

Alas! th' unhappiest of mankind is Io.

PROMETHEUS.

More than thou pitiest me I pity thee
Who neither wisdom hast nor happiness.

IO.

Elél-eleú! elél-elél-eleú!

PROMETHEUS.

Now, Jove, thy worst; not even thy worst can máke me
More wretched than, with all thy favor, Io.

KILMASHOGUE MOUNTAIN (Co. DUBLIN), June 23, 1859.

SENT,

ALONG WITH THE QUARTERLY AND EDINBURGH REVIEWS OF MY POEMS,
TO A FRIEND WHO HAD WARNED ME NOT TO SEND MY POEMS TO
THE REVIEWERS.

"PEARLS before swine, which turn again and rénd you!"
Too late! too late! and, lo! the swine, I sénd you.
Rip up their paunches and you 'll find, within,
Semi-digested garbage, thick and thin,
And broken pearls. Alas! the pearls are mine,
Crunched with their garbage by these beastly swine.

ROSAMOND, May 31, 1859.

WHETHER Truth is the child of Time,
I 'll nó stop to inquire,
But this I know, that if she is,
She 's daughter of a liar,

For, ever sínce the world was made,
We 've nothing had but sorrow,
Though Time has promised, every day,
To bring us joy, the morrow.

ROSAMOND, Sept. 23, 1859.

ANACREONTIC.

ALL the morning long I have studied,
It 's evening now and I 'll dine;
Pen and ink were made for the morning,
For the evening God gave us wine.

The day, it is full of trouble,
And worries a man to death;
But the evening I 'll spend in pleasure,
As long as there 's in me a breath.

In the morning I 'll tottle accounts up,
In the morning I 'll make my will,
In the evening — hurra for the tankard!
My heirs, they may pay the bill.

ROSAMOND, Oct. 12, 1859.

"LAY by your poem nine long years," says Horace,
"Then take it out, and, with remorseless pen,
Blot every word of which you disapprove."
But I say: take your poem out of Limbo
At two years' end, blot every second word,
And put, for every word you blot, two better.

ROSAMOND, Sept. 30, 1859.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE BANK OF IRELAND,

FORMERLY THE IRISH PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

BEHOLD the House of Parliament a bank,
And cash for good bills given where, in old time,
Bad bills were in exchange passed for hard cash!

ROSAMOND, Febr. 15, 1860.

BYRON.

THE proud son of a vicious, heartless father,
The vain son of a weak, indulgent mother,
The tyrant husband of a blameless wife,
The sentimental sire of one unhappy
Legitimate daughter — of how many more,
Unhappy chance-sown, he knows not, nor cares —
See where before the world, for admiration,
With front unblushing, George Lord Byron stands
And wins of the whole world the admiration,
Pugilist, fencer, brawler, spendthrift, rake,
Lover of bull-dogs, friend of ribald Little,
Bully of Harrow school, ere quite fourteen,
Champion, at thirty-six, of rebel Greece,
All his life long, bad poet and worse man.
Hide, hide your heads, ye virtuous, learned, and wise;
Follow Astraea, Muses, to the skies.

ROSAMOND, Sept. 12, 1859.

"WASTING time!" time can't be wasted;
Time is neither strength nor treasure.
Where is 't? let me see 't — what! that, time?
Why, it 's growing, each moment, bigger,

Bigger, bigger, every moment —
It is thou and I are wasting;
Time will eat us, eat us all up —
Ah, could we but only waste it!

ROSAMOND, May 9, 1859.

UNTIL it 's struck upon,
The flint its spark hides ever;
Of itself, out of the brain,
The spark of wit starts never.

Only to tempered steel
The flint its spark yields, ever;
When did the wise man seem
Wise to the fool? Ah! never.

ROSAMOND, January 11, 1860.

PRETTY Moon, whom I so often
Sée pass smiling by, this way,
Stop a while and listen tó me —
Í 've a word or two to say.

Don't you know the white-washed cabin
Ón the hill outside the town,
Whére the girl whom Í love bést, lives,
And they call her Bessie Brown?

Pretty Moon; next time you 're passing,
Íf it is not tóo late quite,
Take a peep in at the window,
And bid Bessie Brown good night;

And if Bessie Brown should ásk you
Dó you know óne Paddy Cleer,
Sáy it 's many a time you sée him
Sitting where he 's sitting here;

Sitting on this stile, and playing
Ón his pipe, to keep care down,
Fór his heart is well nigh breaking,
Áll for love of Bessie Brown.

ROSAMOND, Oct. 23, 1859.

A TAP came to my bedroom door, one day,
As, in a fever, sick I lay, in bed,
Restless, desponding, every moment worse: —
“Who ’s there? come in,” said I, and Death came in,
And shook his dart. I put a good face on ’t,
But fairly own, I wished him out again.
Once, twice Death shook his dart, and the third time
Had raised, and was in the very act to strike,
When to the door another tap came sudden,
And breathless burst into the room the doctor,
And parried skilful, with gold-headed cane,
Death’s thrust, and saved me — saved me, as I thought
And grateful cried out, handing him his fee.
“That fee is mine,” said Death, and clutched it fast,
“Or should be mine — my well-earned, just-due fee,
For saving thee — not now indeed, for now
I ’m baffled for the moment, but next time,
And not far off ’s next time — for saving thee
From sickness, pain and sorrow, and the doctor.”
I stared; the doctor stared; upon his heel
Death turned about, and, muttering, stumped down stairs.

ROSAMOND, April 30, 1859.

"THERE was a time the world admired
SIR JOHN MOORE's BURIAL ODE,"
Said I once to a poet friend,
As side by side we rode,

Talking of Wolfe — his friend and mine —
The parsonage in view,
Where Wolfe had lived and loved and died,
Charles Wolfe, the kind and true.

"Ay, ay, there was a time," replied
Wolfe's poet friend and mine,
"The world agreed with you and me
To call that ode, divine.

"It was the time the world believed
Lord Byron wrote the ode.
Poor Wolfe!" He said, and wiped his eye;
I sighed; and on we rode.

ROSAMOND, Nov. 24, 1859.

THE CHAMOIS-HUNTER.

My father, chamois-hunting, fell and died;
His father, chamois-hunting, fell and died;
I hunt the chamois and doubt not at all
Will, one day, chamois-hunting, fall and die:
Allons donc! chamois-hunting let me live,
And chamois-hunting, allons! I will die.

ROSAMOND, Sept. 10, 1859.

A RARE, scarce yet acclimatized exotic,
Bare in the morning, leafy at midday,
Only toward evening rich with flowers and fruit,
The poet loved it where it stood alone,
Neglected, at the bottom of the garden,
Scenting the air, and almost hid behind
The gaudy, gay array of inodorous
Hollyhocks, sunflowers, paeonies and dahlias,
And, in his mournful hours, would linger near it,
Fanning it with his sighs, and with his tears
Watering — alas! 'twas his own type and image.

ROSAMOND, Jan. 10, 1860.

THE old song still, the old song still,
I will have nothing new;
Blackbirds and thrushes, every spring,
The same loved ditty, constant, sing,
The same, the blithe cuckoo.

And why should I that old song love
More than a thousand new?
Why, just because a thousand times,
I 've heard them sung, those selfsame rhymes,
And every time by you.

For others sing new-fangled airs,
The old air sing for me;
The baby, at the nurse's breast,
Is soonest soothed and put to rest,
With its own lullaby.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, Sept. 30, 1859.

EPITAPH FOR JULIUS CAESAR.

I CAME, I SAW, I conquered, and — lie here.

ROSAMOND, Jan. 26, 1860.

WHOEVER most successfully ignores
Intrusive Nature, and has best by heart -
The cant of his own city, town, or village,
The most polite man is, and the best bred,
That is to say, within the bounds of his own
City or town or village; every where
In all the world beyond, that man 's the rudest.

ROSAMOND, Febr. 10, 1860.

A POET'S PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE,

WRITTEN FOR EMMA NIENDORF'S ALBUM.

TO EMMELINE.

PAPER, pén, ink, hand combine
Tó write Emmeline this line;
Bút the written line is nought
Unless head inspire the thought,
And the thóught is mere cold form
Unless heart have clothed it warm,
Só, behold, most cruel maid,
Át thy feet the whole six laid,
Paper, pén, ink, hánd, heart, head —
Wilt thou with thy poet wed?

ROSAMOND, January 23, 1860.

WHAT race is it which a mán runs
Only once, and, as he rúns, grows
Stiffer, stiffer, every moment,
Yét runs, every moment, faster;

Faster, faster, every moment,
Every moment, stiffer, stiffer,
And the race wins never till he
Hásn't a leg or foot to stánd on?

ROSAMOND, May 9, 1859.

I FOLLOW nót the rhymér's trade;
To please, I have no zest;
My verse is by mere instinct made,
Like bée's cell or bird's nest.

To please himself, Correggio drēw;
To please myself, I write;
Applaud or not, as ye think fit,
My verse is my delight.

ROSAMOND, Sept. 30, 1859.

EPITAPH FOR ANACREON.

God's providence in every thing is clear:
Choked by a raisin lies Anacreon here.
To dry the grape and eat, is an abuse;
Squeeze, strain, ferment, and drink the heavenly juice.

ROSAMOND, April 28, 1859.

LOYAL and full of confidence in princes,
Saint Patrick's Dean to Prince Posterity
His helpless, orphan pages recommended;
And thankless,* as became a royal prince,
The prince received, and as his due, the homage,
And left the orphans for themselves to shift.

Less loyal, I, and of small faith in princes
And warned by the example, recommend,
After my own and daughter's death, my verses
To the sure patronage of moths and worms,
Keen connoisseurs of literary merit
And never yet known to ignore, disdainful,
The works even of the meanest among authors.

ROSAMOND, Febr. 15, 1860.

* Dublin, which has a statue of Moore, has none of Swift.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

"How canst thou doubt that Time 's my sire?"

Said Truth to me, one day,
As, arm in arm, with her I walked,
Far from the public way.

"I do not doubt," said I, "for Time
Is Falsehood's sire, and she
To Truth is so exceeding like,
Truth's sister she must be."

"For shame!" said Truth, "to taunt me so;"
And slipped her arm from mine;
"The fault is not in me, but in
Those purblind eyes of thine,

"That dó not, or that cannot, see
The difference between
Truth's simple, unaffected air,
And Falsehood's studied mien."

So said, she turned, and left me there,
And I went on alone,
Until, methought, I heard again
Her voice's silver tone.

Rejoiced, I turned about, and, lo!
Truth's radiant form was there,
Her winning smile, and open front,
And unembarrassed air. —

"Welcome, sweet maid! we 're friends again,
Never to quarrel more."
"Agreed," said she, "give me thy hand —
As good friends as before.

"Where hast thou been? This whole, long year
I have sought thee up and down,
Early and late, at home, abroad,
In country and in town."

Full well I knew 't could not be Truth
Who held so wild discourse,
So with a frown and stern "Begone!"
Shook Falsehood off by force;

And onward walked, with Nature's face
And mine own thoughts content,
And none to tell, or true or false,
Which way it was I went.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Sept. 27, 1859.

PHILOSOPHY'S LABOUR LOST.

"I DON'T mean to disturb the thorns and weeds,
Only to sow the fallow with good seeds."
Entering the field I said, and scattered wide,
In plenteous showers, the grain on every side.
The thorns and weeds outgrew and choked the grain;
I lost my labour, and, too late, saw plain,
Where error, vice, and prejudice abound,
In vain Philosophy would sow the ground.

ROSAMOND, March 16, 1860.

"Glaubt mir, es ist kein Märchen, die Quelle der Jugend, sie rinnet
Wirklich und immer. Ihr fragt, wo? In der dichtenden Kunst."
SCHILLER.

ETERNAL youth cannot be and was never,
In spite of all thou say'st, beloved Schiller!
Nay, even thine own sweet Muse's cheek already
Shows wrinkles, and her golden locks turn gray;
Live on, indeed, she shall and must, for ever,
But men even now begin to call her, Sibyl.

ROSAMOND, March 14, 1860.

"Fresh fish from Helicon! who 'll buy? who 'll buy?"
LORD BYRON, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

"FRESH fish from Helicon! who 'll buy? who 'll buy?"
Through London's streets I heard Lord Byron cry,
And, curious, stopped, and asked his lordship where
He found on Helicon a thing so rare,
So very rare as fish must always be
Upon a mountain, high above the sea.
His lordship, smiling civilly, replied,
That high on Hippocrene's steep mountain side
There was a fountain, Helicon by name,
Whence fish to market in great plenty came,
And asked me would I have some, and when I
No cash had, left me, and went on to cry
"Fresh fish from Helicon! who 'll buy? who 'll buy?"

ROSAMOND, Febr. 29, 1860.

LOOK circumspect round you before Danger comes;
When Danger is come stand to arms, beat your drums;
When Danger's gone by, you may play with your thumbs,
But your play must be short, for, behold! Danger comes,
Like a race-horse, again — stand to arms; beat your drums:
Life's a porridge of wormwood and sweet sugar-plums.

ROSAMOND, May 13, 1860.

THE TWO LOOKING-GLASSES.

WITH two looking-glasses, the wise man of Greece said,
Most bountiful Nature supplied us;
One to show us what passes in other men's hearts;
This glass it's placed queerly — inside us.

In our own hearts what passes we see in the other,
Which is placed just as queerly — outside us;
And, of all places, where in the world do you think?
Why, deep in our friends' hearts — beside us.

ROSAMOND, March 16, 1860.

“Das Gemeine geht klanglos zum Orkus hinab.”

SCHILLER.

LIKE weeds which a gardener throws out on the dunghill,
The vulgar go down, unremembered, to Orcus;
But we weep the high-minded, and Poetry gathers,
And encloses their bones in a cerement of amber.

With such cerement of amber I'd fain wrap thy bones round,
Highest-minded of poets, my own beloved Schiller,
Did I not know thy bones more enduring than amber,
More hallowed thy bier than the tears of thy poet.

ROSAMOND, March 16, 1860.

IN all things else thou mayst agree
With thy best friend, and he with thee;
In all things else but one alone —
Guess, if thou canst, what is that one.

“Nay, in two things I can’t agree
With my best friend, nor he with me:
First, I were out and out a fool,
Myself to measure by the rule
With which he ’s pleased to measure me;
And next, I ’ll die ere I agree
To buy my friend at his own price —
Say, haven’t I read your riddle, nice?”

ROSAMOND, May 10, 1860.

Anniversary of my mother's death.

FOR what our pleasures, and our pains for what,
But occupation till Decay’s slow hand,
Assiduous, shall have made sufficient room
Among our foresires’ crowded bones for ours?
Full fifteen years ago this very day,
The longest lived of two loved parents died —
Their first born child’s place should be nearly ready.

ROSAMOND, March 27, 1860.

THE Don, he has bestrode his steed,
His squire, he rides behind him;
They 're on the road for Lombardie,
To tilt against a windmill.

Four stout, strong arms the windmill has,
And sets them all in motion,
And round they go, clish-clash, slap-dash,
Against Don Quixote's '*notion*'.

"We had best go back," Don Quixote cries;
"This giant is a strong one;
How hard he hits about the head!
My '*notion*' was a wrong one."

"Mirror of knighthood! right and wrong
Depend still the event on,"
Quoth Sancho, reining Dapple round;
"Let 's go some other scent on."

"Not now, not now," the knight replies;
"My lance, see how it 's shattered,
And, though my spirit 's fresh and strong,
The flesh feels sore and battered."

So home they went, both knight and squire,
Tired, dusty, crowned with glory.
The windmill's tórn sails, to this day,
The truth vouch of my story.

And Villafranca people still
Tell you — but they 're mistaken —
No pair of thieves were ever more
In haste to save their bacon;

And in memorial, fair to see,
Have written on a táll post:
"Là Mancha's knight and squire slew here
A mighty giant, álmóst."

ROSAMOND, March 12, 1860.

WIND, WOMAN AND KING.

WIND, woman and king,
I once heard a fool sing,
Agree in one thing:
Not a jack-straw or hair
For the absent they care,
But throw their arms round
Whoso nearest is found.
And the fool he sang true,
For I have not heard from you
Now for more than a year,
My Mary Anne dear,
— And that year seems an ever —
And from the king never,

And as for Sir Wind,
He 's no doubt very kind
And flusters about
And makes a great rout
When he meets me out,
But though I sat lone
By this ingle hearth-stone
All October, November,
And dreary December,
And long January,
And bleak February,
And March and April,
And am sitting here still
In the sweet Month of May,
When the world 's looking gay,
And though past my door,
Times a hundred and more,
He went post day and night,
He never thought right
Even one odd time to stop,
And in on me pop
And say: — "How do you do?
Have you any thing new?"
So the fool, he sang true,
And wind, woman, and king
Agree in one thing;
Not one jack-straw or hair
They for any one care
Who 's once out of their view,
And the fool, he sang true.

ROSAMOND, May 3, 1860.

FORGET the past, fear not the morrow,
Enjoy today — and baffle Sorrow:
For things will go — do what thou will —
As from the first they have gone still.

GREEN HILLS (Co. DUBLIN), April 28, 1860.

"Gott nur siehet das Herz."

SCHILLER.

ONLY God sees the heart. True, of all hearts
Except thine own, ingenuous, well loved Schiller!
Who nothing hast to hide, and hidest nothing,
And God and Man alike see through and through.

ROSAMOND, March 16, 1860.

I KNOW some wiseacres who think,
Old wood to burn, old wine to drink,
Old friends to love, old books to read,
Old hay wherewith your horse to feed,
Are of all old things the five best,
And turn their nose up at the rest.
Fools! my old fiddle's four old strings
Are worth the whole of their five old things.

ROSAMOND, March 24, 1860.

THE lamp no light shows, when I 'm far
 Away from thee;
The fire no heat throws, when I 'm far
 Away from thee;
The sun shines clouded, when I 'm far
 Away from thee;
The moon 's not risen yet, when I 'm far
 Away from thee;
Heavy my heart weighs, when I 'm far
 Away from thee;
A blank the world lies, when I 'm far
 Away from thee;
Spring flowers droop withered, when I 'm far
 Away from thee;
The lark a dirge sings, when I 'm far
 Away from thee;
Time's tread 's a déad march, when I 'm far
 Away from thee;
Muffled the drum beats, when I 'm far
 Away from thee;
To die I 'm ready, when I 'm far
 Away from thee;
I 'm dead and buried, when I 'm far
 Away from thee.

But be thou merry, though thou 'rt far
 Away from me;

And light thy heart beat, though thou 'rt far
 Away from me;
And bright thy sun shine, though thou 'rt far
 Away from me;
And clear thy moon gleam, though thou 'rt far
 Away from me;
And still of me think, though I 'm far
 Away from thee,
As I of thee think, though thou 'rt far
 Away from me;
And soon mayst thou be near, not far
 Away from me;
And soon may I be near, not far
 Away from thee;
And when once more I 'm near, not far
 Away from thee,
And thou once more art near, not far
 Away from me,
Never again shall I stray far
 Away from thee,
Nor ever thou again stray far
 Away from me,
Till thy last stray, thy long, last stray
 Away from me,
Or my last stray, my long, last stray
 Away from thee.

THE GREEN HILLS (Co. DUBLIN), April 28, 1860.

FRAGMENT.

I.

FRANKFORT behind us left and city sights,
And city sounds ungrateful to the ear,
We take our evening way toward Offenbach,
Distant an hour, the frontier town of Hesse.
Level and fair our road along the Maine's
Populous, wide-outspread basin; on our left,
Unseen, unheard, but not far off, the river;
Gardens between, where, watering-pot in hand,
The gardener cares the tender cabbage plant
Or lettuce, for the Frankfort burgher's table;
Walnuts upon the right bring back to mind
Baden's fair chaussées fringed on either side,
From the Black Forest to the Nassau frontier,
With elegant Juglans' oval leaves and round,
Delicious-kerneled berry. Oberrad
Not much affords us or to praise or blame,
And, threaded its long street, we reach, at seven,
Our station for the night in Offenbach,
And close our first day's journey (of one hour),
And sup in Kuchler's honest inn, and drink
Our *schoppen* Rüdesheimer, and at ten,
Mindful of health and homely grandsire saws,

Retire to bed, and — for we drink nor tea
Nor more exciting coffee — sweet, sound sleep.
Next morning, breakfast without tea or coffee:
From both we have suffered and have both renounced,
And prize more our composure all day long,
And sleep at night, and appetite unimpaired,
And steady, tranquil, unembarrassed pulse,
Than the narcotic's treacherous, short-lived joy.
Avaunt, then, Tea and Coffee! To your caves,
Malignant spirits, and with Opium hide
And foul Nicotiana and the juice
That turns the Abyssinian hunter's brain;
And take with ye Ennui and Devils Blue,
And moping, dull Despondency and Heartache,
And let me never see ye more, or hear
Your hated names, but, if I can, forget
That I was once your worshipper and bard.
The morning fair, July the twenty-sixth,
We leave at ten the Swan and follow on,
Along the stately poplar colonnade,
Our road through Bieber, distant one short hour.
From my youth up I 've loved a colonnade
Of whispering poplar, tall and fresh and green,
But till today such colonnade trod never
Of whispering poplar, tall and fresh and green,
As echoed to our footstep the whole way
From Offenbach to Bieber

Walking from OFFENBACH to ASCHAFFENBURG, July 26, 1860.

THE NINE MAIDENS OF CRACOW.

ONCE upon a time in Cracow,
I 've heard say and do believe it,
On a sultry day in summer,
Sad and serious sat nine maidens.

Doing nothing, saying nothing,
Lack-a-daisy sat the maidens
In a honeysuckle arbour,
All the livelong July forenoon.

What are they about, those maidens,
All nine sitting with eyes downcast,
Folded hands and mouths half open?
Read me, if thou canst, the riddle.

Ah! there 's nót one of those maidens,
Of the whole nine, has a sweetheart;
Where 's the wonder they look dismal,
Now and then cry, heigh-ho, heigh-ho?

"In the wood a tall oak 's growing,"
Sighing said one of the maidens,
"Underneath its spreading branches,
When I 'm dead, let me be buried."

"There let me be laid beside thee,"
Said another of the maidens,
"In the shadow of the same oak;
Of this wicked world I 'm weary."

"When this poor heart throbs no longer,
I will there be laid between ye,
In that same oak's spreading shadow,"
Said another of the maidens.

"There we 'll all be laid together,"
Cried with one voice all the maidens,
"Come, let 's go and lay our graves out,
Round that oak's trunk, in a circle."

So into the wood, the maidens,
Arm in arm, went, sad and sighing,
And the oak found, and the grass cut
That about its trunk was growing;

But while some the grass were cutting,
And some bringing stones and crosses,
Lisette, who by chance had looked up,
Saw the tree with young men swarming,

And shrieked loud. All stopped and looked up,
Every heart began to flutter;
When a soft voice from the tree cried: —
"Sweetest maidens, we are coming."

In an instant round Lisette's
Waist was clasped a strong and kind arm;
In an instant Gretchen's cheek was
Glowing red with Julius' kisses;

Theodor was on his knee to
Lovely Judith with the fair hair;
While from Hermann's grasp Louisa
Faintly strove to draw her fingers;

Lottchen runs, but, out of breath soon,
Is by nimble Hans o'ertaken,
And made to sit down beside him,
Will-she nill-she, on the green bank;

Magdalena — artless maiden! —
Fears that Hilpert may his neck break
As he slips down from a high branch,
And holds out her hand to help him;

Hilpert on the helping hand a
Bright gold ring puts — could you blame him?
Magdalena — didn't she do right? —
Let the ring bide where he put it.

"Stay! for God's sake stay," cried Ellen,
"Till I go and fetch a ladder" —
But, before the word was finished,
Max stood hand in hand with Ellen.

Robert still was in the tree, and
Engelbert, a cat's sleep sleeping,
Neither Rosamond nor Minna
How to hollo knew, or whistle;

So they gathered up shed acorns,
And with both hands so the two youths
Peppered that they quickly wakened
Out of their feigned sleep and came down,

And surrendered on so fair terms
That not one of the nine maidens,
Unless it were Rosamunda,
Half so happy was as Minna.

Once upon a time in Cracow,
I 've heard say and do believe it,
In a honeysuckle arbour,
With their sweethearts sat nine maidens;

Merrier never met nine maidens,
Than the nine met, that same evening,
In the honeysuckle arbour,
Every one linked with her good man;

And the talk was all of roses,
Wedding feasts, and rings and posies,
And where best they would live, and thrive most;
Not one word, where they 'd be buried.

And the traveller 's, to this day, shown,
As through Cracow wood he passes,
The decayed trunk of that old oak,
And hears tell of the nine maidens.

Begun walking from KÖNIGSWART to EINSIEDL, Aug. 14; finished at NEU-
STADL near PLASS, BOHEMIA, Aug. 16, 1860.

ADVICE.

"USELESS is wise advice and thrown away
Unless the advised 's as wise as the adviser,
For in that case alone the advice is taken;
Useless is wise advice and thrown away
If the advised 's as wise as the adviser,
For in that case no wise advice is needed;
Thrown away, then, and useless in all cases
Is wise advice, and he 's a fool who gives it."
I said, and closed the book I had in hand,
And read no more, and went upon my way
Rejoicing in mine own thoughts. Courteous reader,
Do thou the same by me, and I 'll not blame thee.

Walking from BIESCHIN to CZACHRAU (BOHEMIA), Aug. 20, 1860.

ONCE on a time it happened, it 's full many a year ago,
I met a carle with shoulders stooped and beard as white as snow,
And all within myself I said, as I passed proudly by,
"That 's a good-for-nothing óld man, and a stout, brave youth
am I."

That óld man 's dead and buried, it 's full many a year ago,
And mine are now the shoulders stooped and beard as white
as snow,
And in their hearts the young men say, as they pass me
proudly by,
"That 's a good-for-nothing óld man, it 's high time he
should die."

ZWIESEL, BAVARIA, Aug. 21, 1860.

"An oaken, broken elbow-chair,
A candle cup without an ear."
SWIFT.

FOLLOWING the example of Saint Patrick's dean
— Not always, I must own, a good example,
And the Venusian's maxim 's but too true:
No one 's in all respects a good example —
I note here, in an inventory, down
My bedroom's furniture and apparatus
In Johann Stadler's inn in Lamprechtshausen,
Where I arrived last night and supped and slept,
And early woke this morning, August thirtieth,
Of Christ's year Eighteen hundred and threescore,
And, lazy-bones, abed lie, protocolling,
And yoking wardrobes, beds, and chairs and tables
To my triumphant Muse's car sublime.

Two beds, imprimis, lengthwise by the wall,
One for myself, the other for my daughter,
With overbeds of down, and pillows, heaped;
Opposite, two windows with bright shining panes
And spotless, lace-trimmed, muslin curtains white.
Flower-pots, outside, support with trellis-work
Diminutive ivy, or permit Jove's flower
Exuberant to overhang their rims

And fearless swing, as from its native rock,
Full two foot down, in air. Clove perfume steals
In with Sol's greetings through the open sash,
And resting swallows twitter on the sill.

Not Hermes statuettes our pillows guard
— It 's many a day since Thoth reigned, and men trusted
Their sleeping persons to the God of thieves —
But over each bed hangs upon the wall
A cup of holy water, to keep off
Ghosts and malignant demons, and at hand
To help, if help be needed, an embossed
Madonna likeness on white satin paper,
Glazed and in walnut framed; not even Saint Columb's
Brilliant illumination sets more true
— Well if so true — the fair original forth,
Or more the heart of the beholder wins
To heaven and holy Church. A walnut press
At one bed's head, along the wall, close locked
Excludes the prying eye and pilfering hand,
And carries on its cornice, ranged in order,
Thirteen sweet-smelling, large, ripe, rosy apples,
— Keep far, far off from Lamprechtshausen inn,
Ye nineteenth-century travelling Eves and Adams! —
Behind which, five glass pickle-pots stand stately,
Crammed to the throat with gherkins, the abhorrence
Of acid stomachs, and tight corked and sealed.
Between the beds, the altar of the Graces,
With looking-glass and jugs and basins, furnished,
And crofts of water and soft diaper towels,
Invites to worship; nor invites in vain;
Never caged pair of linnets, or uncaged,
So joyous spattered the lustrating lymph,
Dipping again, and dipping, and all round

Scattering, beneficent, the healing dew.
 Above, upon the wall, a crucified
 Jesus, in copperplate, with drooping head
 And pierced and bleeding side, gives up the ghost;
 Grim tragedy! in box-wood re-enacted
 Upon the opposite wall, between the windows,
 With the addition of the Mother's woe,
 And weeping Mary Magdalen and John.
 Gladly the eye, more gladly still the mind,
 Away from both turns, and upon a group
 In party-colored, Meissen china-ware,
 Upon a walnut stand between the windows,
 Under the boxwood carving, rests content,
 And has no need to travel to Arcadia
 For dancing shepherd youths and shepherd maids,
 And innocence and peace, and pipes Pandaeon.
 The stand adorning, either side the group,
 Ten red, ripe apples tempt, in double row.
 Another walnut table, in the corner,
 On the door's right hand as you enter, serves
 Saint John the Baptist for a wilderness,
 And there, twelve inches high, stands in the middle
 The box-carved saint, with coat of camel's hair,
 And lamb and cross, and scroll significant
 What fate awaits the man who takes in hand
 To teach the people, — him awaits, who dares
 To raise his voice high against vice and folly —
 Him the benevolent, imprudent man
 Who fain would lessen human misery,
 And benefit, not use, his fellow men,
 Shaming the triple crown and scepterèd czar.
 Written in vain the scroll and lost in vain
 The precious life; the obdurate heart of Man
 The words cons scrupulous, but draws no moral.

A loaf of sugar stands upon the floor
Under the table, and an open box
Full of the powdered sweet, for kitchen use
Or pantry, ready, or to neutralize
The bitter of Bohea or coffee cup,
And German manufactured, not of stripes
And human kidnapping, and greed of gold
Even more accursed than Polymestor's, smelling,
And curdling the heart's blood. Upon a rack
Behind the door a petticoat hangs snug
And two gowns, that of red stuff, these of gray.
The rack runs round the room, and every pin
Its separate burthen carries, *seidel*, *maas*,
Or double *maas*, all shining bright in order;
Of gray stone-ware some, some of glass, some pewter:
Twenty-five *seidels* first of gray stone-ware,
With lids of pewter hinged on stone-ware handles,
Engraved on every lid Johann Stadler's name
In fair broad cipher, and the year of Christ
In which the *seidel* from the potter's hand
Into this world of woe came and beer-drinking.
Twenty glass *seidels* follow, with glass handles,
And similar pewter lids and name and date.
Come, next, of glass twelve *seidels* with glass handles
And white enameled china lids bound round
With pewter rims and hinged on to the handles;
In painted colors, orange, green, and blue,
Of weal or woe, each lid speaks to the heart,
Or shows a landscape; high Maria Plain,
Or Berchtesgaden at the Watzmann's foot,
Or Salzburg Castle; or his *seidel's* lid
Exhibits the beer-drinker to himself,
Seidel in one hand, *meerschaum* in the other,
Rubicund picture of earth's happiness

Sensual, till the intellect grows dim,
The red, swollen, bolster limbs break out in sores,
And the fat paunch, blue lip, and yellow eye
And sunken cheek and laboring chest announce
The crazy ship aground run, and no hope
In sail or rudder, more, or pilot's skill.
Last of the *seidels*, twelve of glass come then,
Glass-handled, without lid. In long array,
The larger beer-jugs follow, *maases* called,
Each *maas* two *seidels*, all of gray stone-ware,
With lids of pewter hinged on stone-ware handles;
Thirty they are in count. Three stone-ware jugs
With lids of pewter hinged on stone-ware handles,
And each enough large to contain three *maases*,
Hang from the last three pins, right hand the door,
O'ershadowing John the Baptist, and the rear
Of the long file round bringing to the front.
A shelf o'ertops the rack, and round the room
Runs with it high up, not far from the ceiling;
Seventy-seven pewter plates, on edge, its burthen,
And forty-five round, and four oval, dishes,
These delf, those pewter; five saltcellers then
Of delf, two pewter coffee-pots, and six
Fidibus-holders pewter, and — no more.

And here my faithful inventory ends,
Precise, as if I had been about to let
My chamber in the inn at Lamprechtshausen
To Meath's Lord Bishop — Stay, upon the floor
Two square, glass-bottled brandy gardevins,
Neither close locked nor empty — rarest sight
Of all rare sights for Anglo-Saxon eyes,
And not without much faith to be believed
By Anglo-Saxon ears — but let that pass —

One stool, two wooden-bottomed chairs, two stuffed,
And on the end wall, opposite the door,
Above a chest of drawers a framed and glazed
Engrossed certificate that Johann Stadler
Of Lamprechtshausen 's an admitted member
Of the Society Agricultural,
Which for the public weal — not for its own,
— Who ever heard of a society meeting
For other object than the public weal? —
Its meetings holds in Salzburg every Friday.
And so my task 's brought to an end, sweet reader;
How faithfully, judge for thyself, first time
Thou 'rt led by chance or fate or inclination,
To sleep in the same room I slept last night in,
In Johann Stadler's inn in Lamprechtshausen,
Well furnished temple of Gambrinus Divus,
And seldom without votaries, even or morn,
Or holiest sabbath afternoon, or when
Festival *kirmes* gathers to the dance
Young, old, and middle aged, the country round,
And harp and fiddle and Man's sweeter voice
Alternate rouse the slumbering ear of Night,
And once again on earth, there 's paradise.

FRAGMENT.

II.

OVER Port Vendre hangs the morning sun,
As from our humble *cabaret* in Salces,
We hold, along the bright, smooth road, our way
Southward toward Spain, and new sights and new sounds.
Already in the shade, Les Monts Alberes,
Rising before us slope upon the left,
Indent the sky with ever varying outline.
High on the right, before us, Canigou
With all his snowy tops stands glistening white
In the full rays. Alert our step and light,
Along the scarce two-foot-high, close-cropped hedge
Of *Atriplex cerulean*, overpeered
From the offside by feathery *Tamarisk*,
— Not on mount Sinai here, nor dropping manna —
Or *Lycium europaeum*'s verdant twig,
Sufficient, though scant, shelter; for today
Sleeps in his ice-cold caves the Mistral king
Who, yesterday, upon our way to Salces,
So vexed us, and the Giant Reeds so bent
That border the clear well of Estramer.
Rivesaltes behind us left, and Estagel —
Birthplace of Arago, mathematician,
But far too honest for good politician,
And in unhonored grave forgotten rests

The Minister-at-War of the Republic;
 That not Cayenne, that not some imitated
 Second Helena, holds the patriot's ashes,
 Thank thy Czar's clemency, imperial France!
 A grassy bank invites us and we sit
 Between, but not too near, two prickly leaved,
 Shriveled, unsocial Scolym bushes stiff,
 Under an Ilex' shadow, evergreen,
 Less for the sake of rest than to count over
 The florets of the nosegay in our hand
 By Flora placed this Tuesday before Christmas
 Of the year Sixty beyond Eighteen hundred.
 Euphorbia segetalis she had wreathed
 With rosemary and mint and olive branch
 And budding almond and the full blown flower
 Of golden-disked Chrysanthem coronarium
 And purpling Salvia salutaris,
 Fragrant adornment of the roadside mound,
 And green Cneorum's sulphur-yellow bloom
 Tripetalous, tricoccous, from the brink
 Of Estramer's warm-gushing, saline spring,
 Plucked by the Goddess, as this morning early,
 Hid by the Giant Reeds, she bathed unseen.
 These with thyme odoriferous she had mingled
 — Not the Serpyllum of the pale, cold North,
 But glowing southern Europe's spicier thyme —
 And added here and there a button bright
 And fresh green leaf of wholesome dandelion
 Here nothing loath to breathe December's air.
 Nor had she overlooked thee, Diplotaxis,
 Spangling the vineyards like fair Lady's-smock,
 Nor thee or thy Vanilla-pod perfume,
 Marine Alyssum white, nor, Xanthium, thee
 Who into gold transmuted'st the gray hair

Of faded Grecian belle, and to their throne
Ledst fugitive Venus back, and grace and love;
Nor had she not set starlike in the midst
Three sprigs of pink Centaurea Calcitrap,
— Chloroform faithless of the centaur surgeon's
Own wounded knee — with three sprigs of echinoid
Helminthia yellow, intermixed, and three
Half opened blossoms of Provençal furze,
And to Agave given the whole to bind —
A lovely nosegay! but we sought in vain
For leaf of that green Hellebore that so
Our roadsides had enlivened in the Alps
And down the Durance' waste and gravelly bed,
Or sprig of that sweet lavender which poured
An atmosphere Sabaeen round the bleak,
Shingle-encumbered flanks of Mont Ventoux.
Asses, with empty paniers on their back,
And mules graze tethered in the ditch beside us;
Peasants in groups sit on the bank beyond
Dining, and mark with curious eye the strangers;
Some, still at work, salute us from the fields,
As, into basket or spread sheet, they gather,
And carry toward the ditch, the ripe, black olives,
Or lop the bare vine boughs and tie in bundles.
From shoot and leaf and root, avert, next year,
Th' Oideum plague, O joy-bestowing Bacchus!
And thou, O Maid of Athens, to o'erflowing
Fill up the oil vat . . .

Walking from SALCES to PERPIGNAN, Dec. 18, 1860.

"Io vado e vengo ogni giorno,
Ma tu andrai senza ritorno."

Motto on a sundial in Arma, a small village between
San Remo and Porto Maurizio (Liguria Occidentale).

TRANSLATED.

I daily come and daily go;
But thou, once gone, com'st never mo'.

PARAPHRASED.

I 'm daily born and daily die,
Thou 'rt born but once, but once to die,
And there 's an end. Be off, good bye,
Poor, silly fool! great Time am I.

Walking from ARMA to PORTO MAURIZIO, Jan. 18, 1861.

FORTUNA FAVET FORTIBUS.

"FORTUNA favet fortibus," they say,
And I believe it true, but in this way:
Fortune 's a cheat, who, skilled at thimble-rig,
Neither for brave nor coward cares one fig,
But takes out gold, and challenges to play;
The coward, faint of heart, turns pale away;
The brave puts down his stake, the totum spins,
And, losing often, some mere odd time wins,
And clears the board; the proverb hence arose
That Fortune to the brave her favor shows.

SESTRI DI LEVANTE (LIGURIA ORIENTALE), Jan. 26, 1861.

FATE AND FORTUNE.

"I 'd like to know," said Fate to Fortune, once,
"Why men so love and court and honor thee,
Mé fear and shun and hold in detestation."
"The reason 's plain," said Fortune with a smile,
"Thou hast a certain rude and savage way
Which terrifies the vulgar, and which scarce
Even the magnanimous hero bears with patience.
My manners — thou 'lt excuse the vanity —
Are gentle, and conciliate esteem."
"I do as much for men as thou, or more,"

Said Fate, "and should be liked at least as well."
 "It's all our different manners, I insist,"
 Said Fortune; "manners make the man, men say;
 I say it's manners, manners make the God:
 Venus frowns never, Pallas never laughs,
 Who thinks of bowing to a limping Jove,
 Or to stand by him in the brunt of battle,
 Invokes a civeted, spruce, smirking Mars?
 Let's put it to the test, Fate; I'll take thine,
 And thou, my manners, and we'll separate here,
 To meet again soon, and compare experience."
 So said, so done; they parted, met again,
 And thus to Fortune with a smile said Fate:
 "Well! men are fools, who from the manner form
 Their judgment of the matter. Here, take back
 Thy gracious, condescending, winning ways,
 And give me back my dignity austere.
 Men's homage is not worth the pains to please them."
 But Fortune now accustomed to *grand pas*
 And sullen state retired, and dignity,
 And to indulge her humor: — "Not so fast,
 Good sister Fate; "in medio tutius itur."
 Keep thou one half of mine, and I'll of thine
 One half keep, and we'll be henceforth the same
 In manner, as we've heretofore the same
 In heart and spirit been, and love and purpose,
 Unanimous, indissoluble, one."
 Fate, nothing loath, agreed, and from that day
 The sisters pass indifferent for each other,
 Fate in good humor being Fortune called,
 And frowning, disobliging Fortune, Fate.
 So runs the myth; receive it, if you like;
 I, for my part, believe that Fate and Fortune
 Are but one person called by different names,

And answering to either on occasion,
A female Janus with both pairs of eyes
Bandaged, and bearing keys in either hand,
Rusty and little used those in the right,
The keys of Good; those in the left, smooth worn
With never ceasing use, the keys of Ill.

Walking from CARRARA to PISA, Jan. 30 and 31, 1861.

*"Vendere velle rosas inquis; cum sis rosa, quaero
Tene rosasne vellis, virgo, an utrumque dare?"*

ARIOSTO.

"WHO 'll a blushing red rose buy?"
Rob heard Rose, the flower girl, cry,
Selling flowers as she went by,
And, quick witted, answered: — "I!
But thou 'lt sell cheap — small 's my pelf." —
"I 'll not take less than thyself."
"Self and all I have, is thine;
With this kiss I make thee mine."
"More I ask not. Take thy kiss
Back again — and this — and this."
So the pair the bargain close,
And Rob 's got his long loved Rose.

CASA CARTONI AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 28, 1861.

EARLY CLOSING.

Don't talk to me of morals and improvement
And closing for the night at six o'clock,
And the whole livelong summer evening spent
In recreation in the open air,
Or useful books at home, or conversation,
Till the bell rings for supper, prayers and bed,
To rise betimes, and ply again till six
Some pettifogging, half dishonest trade
Pence gathering and with long care making rich.
The daisy far outdoes thee, which observes
No rule of closing but the paling light,
And, under heaven's own free and airy vault,
Spends not the evening only but the day
And livelong night; which has no need of books
Oft dull, or conversation duller still,
Or trade demoralizing, or to leave
Widow and children well provided for
When at the last it yields to stronger Fate
And goes the way both flesh and grass must go.
Most wise young man, and promising as wise,
The "modest, crimson-tipped flower" outdoes thee,
Nor thee alone, but me and all the race.

Walking from PIETRA SANTA to CARRARA, May 24, 1861.

SAXON BARD AND MILESIA SCHOLIAST.

BARD.

"THIS elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner a while,
And the tear that is wiped with a little address
May be followed, perhaps, by a smile."

SCHOLIAST.

For roses and tears, though not like in themselves,
Agree in one point, we all know:
That roses bloom longer when not shaken hard,
And tears, well dried up, cease to flow;

And sooner or later, the smile 's sure to come
That chequers this valley of woe;
Just as fairer and sweeter and longer lasts still
Of a gingerly pulled rose the blow.

Walking from AGAZZANO (near PIACENZA) to BORGONOVO, May 30, 1861.

HOUSE OF CARDS.

"THE wind has blown down my house of cards,
Alas, and alack-a-day!"
I heard a child once with sobs and tears
To his spectacled grandmother say.

"What matter? what matter?" old grandmother cried,
As she laid her green spectacles down,
"Thou hast nothing to do but to build up another;
See, there are thy cards every one."

And so says the poet: Thou grown-up child,
When the wind blows thy house of cards down,
Thou hast nothing to do but to build up another;
See, there are thy cards every one.

For one house of cards is as good as another,
It 's the building each up is the fun;
Strive thou as thou wilt to make one last for ever,
Thou canst not, else wert thou undone.

Walking from ALT ST. JOHANN (CANTON ST. GALLEN) to HEMBERG, July 1, 1861.

HOS EGO.

No hand but mine these verses made;
To another's pen the honor 's paid:
So birds their brood for others rear,
So sheep their wool for others bear,
So bees their sweets for others house,
For others so the strong ox ploughs.
Forgive me, Maro, if I 'm wrong,
Or ill interpreted thy song.

GOSBAU (CANTON ST. GALLEN), July 2, 1861.

"SPEECH is God's gift to enable Man to hide
His thoughts at pleasure," said wise Talleyrand.
Whence I conclude that either speech was not,
In the opinion of wise Talleyrand,
God's gift to enable man to hide his thoughts,
Or that wise Talleyrand God's gift abused
This once, this only once in all his life.

Walking from WALDENBUCH to ECHTERDINGEN near STUTTGART, July 19, 1861.

HOW DO?

As once I walked contemplative
In dirty Dublin street,
I chanced, by good luck or by bad,
A lounging friend to meet;

He asked me how I was, and I
Said, I was very well,
And begged he 'd be so good as how
He was himself, to tell: —

"I do not know, I cannot say,"
My friend, he answered me,
"He is a wise man knows himself;
In that we all agree."

"Yes, to be sure," said I, and bowed,
And went upon my way;
And every time I 'm asked since then,
"How do?" think of that day,

And wish so wise were all my friends,
And I myself so wise,
Not to provoke with questions vain,
As idle, vain replies.

Show me the man that how he is,
Or how he is not, knows;
And I 'll show thee the stream that up
Its native hill-side flows.

Walking from BEILSTEIN to HEIMRIED (WÜRTTEMBERG), July 22, 1861.

BELINDA from the glass turns wroth away,
Which shows her beauty's premature decay:
Where is the reader who a second look
E'er casts upon a plain, truth-speaking book?

ALITER.

"Ha! false glass," Belinda cries,
And the tear starts to her eyes,
"I am not, if truth were told,
Half so ugly or so old."
Into shivers, as she spoke,
With her hand the wroth maid broke
Her too faithful glass and true:
So, be sure, they 'll do to you,
My too faithful book and true,
Call you false, and, in a rage,
Tear or blot or burn your page,
And to hide their well earned shame,
Vilify your author's name.
Let them do it if they will;
Mé, these times, they cannot kill,
Cannot burn me at the stake,
And truth's martyr of me make:
So they 'll wreak their wrath on you,
My too faithful book and true.

Walking from NECKARELZ to MÜLLAU (WÜRTTEMBERG), July 30, 1861.

AN air balloon, it seemed, or diving-bell,
Or skiff whose sails the wind with gentle swell
Before it puffed; but 'twas my Emmeline,
Rigged, for the first time, out, in crinoline.
"Fool!" to myself cried I, as from a dream
Wakening alarmed, "few things are what they seem."

Walking from NECKARHEI to MUDAU (WÜRTTEMBERG), July 30, 1861.

MOTTO

FOR THE AUTHOR'S SIX PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE HEROIC TIMES.

BEHOLD a new pump to the Mantuan spring!
Fill up your cups, ye thirsty, with the clear,
Fast-gushing lymph, and drink and be refreshed,
And thank with grateful heart the diligent
Pumpborer's leathern hand, and arm robust,
And sweat in the early morning hour, unseen
Save by the rising sun and soaring lark.
Drink, and be glad, as sparkling bright a draught
As ever welled from the Maeonian fount,
Or old, blind puritan's yet holier spring.
Drink deep and drain the cup — there are no lees.

LOBENSTEIN (REUSS), Sept. 14, 1861.

UP to the ears, I have heard it said,
A man may be in love,
But that he may up to the eyes,
My business 'tis to prove.

A man may be so deep in love
It covers both his eyes,
Else why is Cupid painted blind?
Answer me that, ye wise.

Now if a man may be in love
Deep over both his eyes,
Up to the eyes that he may be,
Need not, I think, surprise.

Up to the eyes, I have been in love,
Up to the ears, I have been;
Over both eyes and ears in love,
An odd time I have been seen;

Over both eyes and ears, but not
Until today quite drowned,
Able to touch, until today,
With tippy-toes the ground.

The why I know, but shall I tell
Or leave the world to guess?
Out with it! out! — I met today,
Today first time, my Bess.

CASA CARTONI AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, JAN. 14, 1862.

KNOW thine own self, the wise man said of old,
And many a time the advice has been re-echoed:
Know thine own self. But / say: if thou 'rt wise,
What need hast thou to know it? if a fool,
What whit less fool art thou because thou know'st it?
So study others, friend, and not thyself;
Cleave to the wise fast, and eschew the fool,
And leave 't to others so to do by thee.

CASA CARTONI AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, NOV. 21, 1861.

I HAVE three friends who read my books
And love both them and me,
Baumgarten one, Alonzo two,
My Sophy, she makes three.

I wish they all were here — yet no,
I were too happy then;
Such perfect bliss is not on earth,
Nor for the sons of men.

Enough for me the human lot
Of mingled bliss and woe;
Enough of bliss to see one come;
Of pain, to see one go.

"I 'll hear no more," Dame Fortune cried,
And rolled off on her wheel;
"Ungrateful! who from me hast had
A triple share of weal.

"Happy the man who has one friend,
And thóu own'st thou hast three."
But I cried after her: — "Forgive;
I meant not to tax thee,

"Or count my friends, the many friends
I love, and who love me;
I did but boast — an idle boast —
My books were read by three."

LEGHORN, Febr. 23, 1862.

ROMA, CAPITALE D' ITALIA.

Louis Nap, I 've heard say, 's the main spring that makes go
The great clock of France, sometimes fast, sometimes slow.
Balderdash! Louis Nap 's but the hour-hand that shows
How fast or how slow the great clock of France goes;
And till the clock strikes, his friend Victor must wait,
Like a wolf looking in from the wrong side the gate
On a savoury bone in the house lapdog's paws,
Whilst the slaver runs down on the ground from his jaws.
God keep the gate shut, make the good cause his own,
And save from the robber both lapdog and bone!

CASA CARTONI AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Dec. 24, 1861.

*TWO hundred men and eighteen killed
For want of a second door!
Ay, for with two doors, each ton coal
Had cost one penny more.

And what is it else makes England great,
At home, by land, by sea,
But her cheap coal, and eye's tail turned
Toward strict economy?

But if a slate falls off the roof
And kills a passer-by,
Or if a doctor's dose too strong
Makes some half-dead man die,

* At ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday, January 16, 1862, the great iron beam of the steam-engine which worked the pumps of the Hester coal pit near Hartley in Northumberland, snapped across, and a portion of the beam, 40 tons in weight, fell into the shaft, tearing away the boarded lining so that the earthy sides collapsed and fell in, filling up the shaft in such a manner as not only to cut off all communication between the interior of the pit and the outer world, but entirely to obstruct all passage of pure air into, and of foul air out of, the pit. All the persons who were at work below at the time, two hundred and eighteen in number, were of course suffocated, nor was it until the seventh day after the accident that access could be had to the interior of the pit, or anything,

We have coroners and deodands
And inquests, to no end,
And every honest Englishman 's
The hapless sufferer's friend,

And householder's or doctor's foe,
For he has nought to lose,
And fain will, if he can, keep out
Of that poor dead man's shoes.

But if of twice a hundred men,
And eighteen more, the breath
Is stopped at once in a coal pit,
It 's quite a natural death;

For, God be praised! the chance is small
That either you or I
Should come, for want of a second door,
In a coal pit to die.

Besides, 'twould cost a thousand times
As much, or something more,
To make to every pit of coal
A second, or safety door,

As all the shrouds and coffins cost
For those who perish now
For want of a second door, and that 's
No trifle, you 'll allow;

beyond the mere fact of their entombment, ascertained concerning the helpless and unfortunate victims of that 'auri sacra fames' which so generally, so heartlessly, so pertinaciously refuses the poor workers in the coal mines of England, even the sad resource of a second staple or air shaft. See the Illustrated London News of Jan. 25, and Febr. 1, 1862.

And trade must live, though now and then
A man or two may die;
So merry sing "God bless the Queen,"
And long live you and I;

And, Jenny, let each widow have
A cup of congo strong,
And every orphan half a cup,
And so I end my song,

With prayer to God to keep coal cheap,
Both cheap and plenty too,
And if the pit 's a whole mile deep,
What is it to me or you?

For though we 're mortal too, no doubt,
And Death for us his sithe
Has ready still, the chance is small
We ever die of stithe.

And if we do, our gracious Queen
Will, sure, a telegram send,
To say how sore she grieves for us
And our untimely end;

And out of her own privy purse
A sovereign down will pay,
To have us decently interred
And put out of the way;

And burial service shall for us
In the churchyard be read,
And more bells rung and more hymns sung
Than if we had died in bed;

For such an accident as this
May never occur again,
And till it does, one door 's enough
For pumps, air, coal, and men;

And should it occur — which God forbid! —
And stifle every soul,
Remember well, good Christians all,
Not one whit worse the coal.

CASA CARTONI AT CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 25, 1862.

WHEN I was young I had so much of life,
I set small value on it, and cared only
For that of which I had but little — riches.
Now I am old and rich, I little care
For that of which I 've much, and set all value
On that of which I have little, and which grows,
Visibly, with each sunset, less and less.
So it 's no matter whether young or old,
Or rich or poor, there 's something still to love,
Something to allure us on to act and suffer,
And play our double part out to the end.

CASA CARTONI AT CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Dec. 1861.

A MAN 's a fool, I 've heard it said,
Or can, at forty, tell
How with his health a thing agrees,
Be it for ill or well.

Why, to be sure! who doubts a fact
So staring plain and clear?
Can tell; but does he know, himself?
That is the question here.

Can tell, ay, vow and swear it 's true,
But all the while he 's wrong;
Even at twice forty doesn't well know
The colour of his tongue,

Or how he is, or how he isn't,
Or what agrees or well
Or ill with him, but, not the less,
He 's certain he can tell;

And sometimes twice as much can tell
And doubts not he tells true:
The pill that has agreed with him
Is just the pill for you;

The pill; the creed — Come, open wide
Your mouth, and swallow down;
Well done! On earth your bile is cured;
In heaven, yours is the crown.

CASA CARTONI AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 23, 1862.

LA LENGUA QUEDA, Y LOS OJOS LISTOS.

Idle tongue and busy eyes
Keep you safe, and make you wise;
Idle eyes and busy tongue
Put you ever in the wrong.

"To your argument a truce;
Who can say tongue 's of no use
Who has heard my Lydia speak,
Though she knows no word of Greek,

"Or that eyes can do no harm,
Cupid's direst, deadliest arm?
Lydia's eyes give you the lie;
Shot by Lydia's eyes, I die."

CASA CARTONI AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 20, 1862.

WRITTEN IN SCHOLASTICA'S DENKBUCH,

SEEHAUS, ACHENSEE, Oct. 9, 1861.

"MIGHTY pleasant to get in,
Hungry, tired, wet to the skin,
And your fool's name enter here,
And drink wine in place of beer,
Dry and brush wet clothes and hat,
Pat the dog and stroke the cat,
Pay your reckoning, read the blatt,
With th' obliging kellnerin chat,
This surmise, and wonder that,
Most of all why there's no mat,
And Scholastica less fat
Than she was this time last year —
Couldn't we get her to drink beer?
See what comes of living here,
On the shore of Achen lake,
Far from the Pinacothek,
Ruhmeshall and Glyptothek,
And the Keller in the Thal,
With its great beer and its small;
Positive she must drink beer,
If in Achen Gasthof here
She would live another year,

See another summer sun
Here on Achen lake go down,
And not have the young May moon
Shining on her grave as soon
As it shines on Achen lake;
Positive she must forsake
Austrian wineslop, white and red,
Bad for stomach, bad for head,
And to kindly hops and malt,
Malt and hops without a fault,
Turn converted, and adhere
Faithful, blameless, without fear."

So he said — no cavalier,
Though without reproach or fear —
So he said, the Munich man,
Longing for the Munich can,
And the Keller in the Thal,
With its gréat beer and its small,
Then turned out, and back again
Trudged through mud, cold, wind and rain,
Which most pleasant he doesn't know —
Well if it doesn't come on to snow!
Dark the clouds and thick and low,
And the lake it 's surging so —
Back to Munich straight he 'll go,
Back into the Zollverein,
And drink beer instead of wine,
In the Keller in the Thal,
With its gréat beer and its small,
And the view of Achen lake
Take in the Pinacothek,
And some fine day, next July,
When the roads tempt, white and dry,

And the clouds sail light and high,
And smooth Achen waters lie
Mirroring the bright blue sky,
Come again and read the blatt,
Pat the dog and stroke the cat,
With th' obliging kellnerin chat,
This surmise and wonder that,
Has Scholastica grown fat,
And at long and last a mat
Got to wipe the strangers' feet,
And the stube floor keep neat —
He'll be here and — so won't I;
Down on me another sky,
Another sun will look, in Rome,
Dresden, or my sea-girt home,
While on Achen lake I think,
And of Memory's chalice drink,
Idly studious, and the times
Criticising in rough rhymes,
Rhymes as little made as these,
Any but myself to please.

"Achen lake, good bye! good bye!"
Said the Munich man; and I
Said the same and heaved a sigh: —
Achen lake, good bye! good bye!

"Eam moriens praecepit incendi."

THOU didst well, Maro, to decree
With thy last breath, that burned should be
The Eneid, every line;
Not that unworthy it to live,
But that unworthy we to receive
The gift almost divine.

[Walking from BICHELSEE to ESCHLIKON in CANTON THURGAU, July 11, 1862.]

THE art of speaking 's not, to speak the truth,
But to persuade your hearers you speak true;
For words the arms are, of the man of peace,
As swords and guns are, of the man of war,
And no great captain or great speaker yet
Set other aim before him than success.
It 's no great harm that right be on your side,
And truth in all your words, but if you can't
Persuade men that they are so, your breath 's lost,
And grosser than the grossest wrong, your right,
And fouler than the foulest lie, your truth.
Woe to you! woe! and woe again! vae victis!

[Walking from LÜTISBURG to GOSSAU, in the CANTON ST. GALLEN, July 12, 1862.]

MUSIC.

"Some music 's bad, some music 's good,
But there 's no music is not rude;"
— To my own Mary Ann I said,
Charmer of my heart and head,
As at a friend's we sipped our tea,
One summer evening, I and she —
"What! must we cease our chat, and sit
Mumchance, because Adele thinks fit
To turn her back on us, and squall
To her piano and the wall?
It is, I doubt not, very fine;
Air, voice, and instrument, divine;
But I don't choose to have mine ear
Taken by storm and forced to hear;
And, least of all, choose, when I 've thee,
Sweet Mary Ann, for company,
Sitting and prattling at my side,
In thy youth and beauty's pride.
Silence, and listen — she has begun;
Not one word dare, until she has done:
Come, Patience, to thy votary's aid —
What a fine piece! — now that it 's played."

[Walking from HILLESHEIM to LOSHEIM in the Eifel, Aug. 20—21, 1862.]

LIFE.

LIFE is a duty, not a privilege;
A cup which must be drained, taste how it will;
A road which, rough or smooth, one has to travel.
Lament not, therefore, the approach of death,
But rejoice, rather, that the cup is drunk,
The road come to an end, discharged the duty.
Still thou lamentest? ah! thy life has been
A sweet cup, pleasant road, and grateful duty.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, June 15, 1860.]

MINE eye lights never on a bearded fop,
Sir Capel or Sir Lionel or Earl Vane,
Compound impertinent of ignorance
And little-mindedness and valorous seeming,
But I bethink me of the ditch-side weed
Which makes so great show with its yellow flower
And tall rank stalk in seed, and lion's fangs,
But in whose veins, instead of lion's blood,
Runs a weak, milky, and ignoble ichor,
And all whose ways are groveling and lowly,
And Piscialletto whose appropriate name.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, April 3, 1863.]

NO cat has twó tails, I have heard
And steadfastly believe;
A cat has more tails than no cat,
Or people me deceive.

Now though it 's only one tail more
A cat has, than no cat,
A cat has thrée tails, I have proved;
You 'll surely grant me that.

[ROSAMOND, Dec. 18, 1863.]

HOPE AND MEMORY.

SHORTER, like the morning shadow,
Hope, gay Hope grows, every moment;
Like the evening shadow, longer
Grows sad Memory, every moment;
Shorter Hope and Memory longer,
Longer Memory and Hope shorter,
Till Hope shortest, Memory longest,
Die together on the grave's brink
And in topple with their owner,
And one lóng night covers áll three.

[TICKNOCK (Co. DUBLIN), Dec. 18, 1863.]

KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE is nought, for whether thou know'st much,
Or whether little, thou must bow to Fashion;
Nay, less than nought, for he who knows the most,
Has most his nose wrung by the reigning Fashion.

[Walking from ROSAMOND to DALKEY, Nov. 30, 1862.]

MY old grandfather sported a very old wig;
My old grandmother thought it a trifle too big
Or a trifle too little, I don't well know which,
And away the old wig went pop into the ditch.
My old grandfather got a bad cold in his head,
And his nose went drip-drop, like the spout at the shed,
And he coughed and he wheezed, and he couldn't sleep at night,
And, with his red night-cap, all day looked a fright;
And no one who saw him but thought he would die,
And he thought so himself too, and bid us good bye.
But away my old grandmother trotted to town,
And laid out the siller she had saved for a gown,
To buy him a new wig and half pound of snuff,
And next day my old grandfather 's all right enough,
But has never stopped saying from that day to this,
The old wig was a fit, and the new one a miss;
Sometimes it 's too little, sometimes it 's too big,
And he 'd rather, a hundred times, have the old wig.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Dec. 17, 1863.]

"Al comparir del sol prendo respiro,
Al tramontar del sol finisco e spiro."

Motto on a sundial in Pino near Turin.

I.

EACH morn, I 'm born
With the rising sun;
Each even, forlorn,
Die when day is done.

II.

TOGETHER daily born, the sun and I
Together daily live and daily die.

III.

WITH the sunrise I come in view,
With the sunset I bid adieu.

IV.

I WORK as long as Sol 's in the sky;
When Sol 's to bed, to bed go I.

V.

WITH the sunrise, I rise and run;
With the sunset, my race is done.

VI.

PUNCTUAL I rise with every morning sun,
Punctual I set when my day's work is done
And Eos puts her evening mantle on.

[Walking from PINO near TURIN to VILLA NOVA, Sept. 18, 1864.]

*Visiting the tomb of Beato Angelico, in the church of
Santa Maria sopra Minerva, Rome, 1865.*

WITH reverence tread; these are no vulgar stones;
Frate Giovanni here has laid his bones:
HIC JACET FRA GIOVAN DA FIESOLE.
If ever painter painted heaven, 'twas he;
If ever painter's spirit went to heaven,
Da Fiesole's went, all trespasses forgiven.
So, if in heaven there 's painting, heaven beware
This earth of ours be not so passing fair
Painted, that angels discontented grow
With heaven itself, and yearn for things below.

SEE where in broad array the Wheaten host
Covers the field, each warrior at his post.
The same determined will pervades them all,
For home and fatherland to stand or fall;
Shrivel shall the heavens, the sun shall close his eye,
Ere from his post one stout Wheat heart shall fly.
Gare! gare! for yonder in the sunbeams glance
Bright weapons, and the Reaper troops advance.
"Forward!" 's the word, and, with their curved swords, low
Cutting beneath the knee, they charge the foe.
Prostrate the best of Wheaten Land are laid,
Ere set in rest a spear, or drawn a blade.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" the conquering Reapers cry.
There's nothing for the brave, left, but to die.
Vae victis! still, whoe'er the victi be,
Broad Wheatland's sons or Rome's best chivalry;
Nor ever gospel truer than the word
By Brennus preached and Brennus' conquering sword.

[Walking from BIRIENA over the CONSUMA to PONTASSIEVE near FLORENCE,
July 4, 1865.]

CATCH

FOR A PARTY OF TOURISTS DISAPPOINTED OF BEDS IN THE INN OF
BELVEDERE, IN THE PASS BETWEEN LA VALTELLINA AND VAL CAMONICA,
AND DRINKING TILL A LATE HOUR IN THE ARBOUR IN FRONT OF THE INN.

THEY 'll nót let us in, they vow and swear;
Ah! little they know, how little we care;
Our sleep will be sweeter here in the fresh air,
And every one of us will have to spare
What his bed would have cost, a fiorino or pair;
— Ancor un boccale, camerier —

For, every apple — it has a core;
And every heart — it has a sore;
And every sky — it has a cloud;
And every wind — at times pipes loud;

So push' the bottle round, boys,
Take pleasure where it's found, boys,
Let mirth and song resound, boys,
And Care in wine be drowned, boys,
And Joy our king be crowned, boys,

Then where most flowers abound, boys,
At ease stretched on the ground, boys,
We 'll sleep till morning, sound, boys,
So push the bottle round, boys,
So push the bottle round, boys.

POETS verse, I 've heard it said,
By the file is polished.
Pshaw! the file does but make rough —
Scrapes and scratches the best stuff.
Nothing poet's verse so well
Polishes as poet's knell: —
"Ding dong bell. The poet 's dead!"
Poet's verse is polished.

[CHRISTIANSTRASSE, DRESDEN, Dec. 24, 1865.]

HAPPY the man who sees the world
As it neither was nor is
Nor ever shall be! optimist —
High honored name is his.

But who the world sees as it is
And was and still shall be —
What name is bad enough for him?
Vile pessimist is he.

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 19, 1866.]

"Huic monstro Volcanus erat pater; illius atros
Ore vomens ignis, magna se mole ferebat.

Ille autem
Faucibus ingentem fumum, mirabile dictu,
Evomit, involvitque domum caligine caeca,
Prospectum eripiens oculis, glomeratque sub antro
Fumiferam noctem commixtis igne tenebris.
Non tulit Alcides animis."

I am the pink of courtesy
As I smoke my cigar, ...
And whiff and puff, and spit about, ...
And near, am smelt, and far.

Yet come not near, sweet ladies dear, . . .
If you 'd not burn your clothes;
See how the sparks fly from the quid . . .
Sticks out below my nose.

I vow and swear I take all care
To save your crinolines, ...
But sparks will fly, and fire will burn,
Were ye all sceptered queens.

The smell is not of violets, ...
I never will deny, ...
And delicate olfactories
Will do well to fight shy,

And keep full six yards off from me
Here in wide open street,
And quick let both the sashes down,
In steamcoach when we meet.

There 's not a morning comes, but I
Take pains to brush away
From coat, necktie and gloves, the stale
Odour of yesterday;

In spite of all my pains, I own,
Some hangs about me still,
But, well I know, so good your hearts,
Ye will not take it ill.

You 're bound in love, in duty bound,
So much from us to bear,
The smell of a cigar will not
Weigh in the scale one hair.

But that we should the same from you
Take patiently in turn,
And only love you all the more,
The more our clothes ye burn,

The more of yesterday's cigar
Your silks are redolent,
The more reichsthaler, every year,
Are in the luxus spent,

The more your lips are red and swelled,
The less your breath is sweet —
That is a creed I never held,
Since first I strode the street.

A schoolboy rule is tit for tat,
Not fit for ladies' use,
And that good sauce for gander is
What good sauce is for goose.

For though your woman's stomach 's made
Of the same stuff as ours,
And thirsts and hungers, every day,
At the same stated hours,

Yet kindly Nature has on you,
So much the weaker sex,
Bestowed immunity from qualms
Which mightiest heroes vex;

And you can keep your spirits up,
And healthy appetite sound,
Without one whiff of a cigar
The whole, long twelvemonth round.

Favored of heaven, ye know not what
He bears, the wretched man,
Who, with bare five cigars a day,
Must put up as he can;

Who has not his Havana fresh,
To keep him in right tune,
Before and after every meal,
Morning, and night, and noon;

One to enable him his eyes
To open to the light,
And, when that 's done, another one,
And so on until night;

And one while for the bed he strips,
And one, when he gets in;
And, if he 's restless in the night,
A little one 's no sin,

And with another little one
Eked out, will keep away
Qualms, which without his nicotine
Beset him, night and day.

How blest your lot, ye little wot,
Who, if such qualms ye feel,
Have resolution from all eyes
Your sufferings to conceal.

Angels ye are who not alone
So well your own griefs bear,
But even for griefs imposed by us
Some patience have to spare.

We need it all, and count on you
Let us not count in vain;
Some twelve cigars per day allow,
And we will not complain;

But, in all due acknowledgment,
As often as we meet,
Whether on horseback or on foot,
In park or open street,

Out of our mouths will take cigar
Till you have clear passed by,
Showing, alike, respect for you,
And magnanimity,

And he who can't so long abstain,
Or will not, if he can,
It 's not enough to call him rude,
He is not even a man.

But I, who can and will — I am
Of courtesy the star,
And, to each lady passing by,
I lower my cigar,

In sign how much I honor her,
How little for self care,
What sore privation for her sake
I 'm ready still to bear.

Deservedly is Bacchus praised,
Well earned Gambrinus' fame,
But I revere and honor more
Jean Nicot's glorious name.

Hurrah, then, for Havana mild!
For Nicot loud hurrah! —
Sir, might I have a little fire?
I thank you, sir — hurrah!

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, March 3, 1866.]

TO AN ETHNOLOGIST.

GIVE up your search; the world's tribes are but two,
Cheaters and cheated; of which tribe are you?

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, January 21, 1866.]

I HAD a friend, a learned friend,
Who laid upon orthography much weight;
His life came to untimely end —
Listen, and I'll to you the tale relate.

It was in winter, and the days
Were dark and dismal, and he had no fire,
Yet not the less he studied still
Whether with Q or CH to spell colour.

And now to Q he was inclined,
And now CH appeared to have more weight;
But etymology the scale
At last made to CH preponderate.

Rejoiced, he wrote to me same night,
Telling me how his doubts were at an end,
And begging, if I knew myself,
I 'd be so kind to tell a faithful friend,

What right had colour to be spelled,
Or honour, or even odour, with an U,
U being as foreign to the root,
As, to Great Britain, king of Timbuctoo.

He owned he once had SATIRE spelled,
Once, since he was accountable, with Y,
And, an upbraiding conscience said,
Had PIGSTIE perhaps twice put for PIGSTR.

I wrote him word back by the post:
"Much as I honored Etymology,
'Twas not by her but Common Use
Such weighty questions could decided be;

"That in orthography no rule
Of absolute right and wrong had yet been found,
And Common Use was arbitress
To furrow, with what plough she pleased, the ground:

"Puts she her edict forth that none
The ground henceforth with other plough shall dare
To till than Gallic, woe to him
Who turns one sod up with old Roman share!"

"And then I begged him not to let
PIGSTIE'S false I upon his conscience press
Too heavily, for if on earth
More than in name existed righteousness,

"The wrong in PIGSTIE done to Y
Had been atoned for and made sound and whole
By the wrong in SATYRE done to I;
And he might lay that unction to his soul."

Whether it were the winter cold
With but orthography for fire and light,
Or that he took to heart my joke,
I cannot say, but that December night,

He went for the last time to bed;
And those who thought they knew him, but did not,
Nor half his modest worth, a stone
With name and date set up to mark the spot,

Where one was laid, who had as well,
And quite as conscientiously, his part
In this great tragicomedy played,
As any Galileo or Descartes.

Peace to his Manes, and may I
Without more circumstance my long adieu
Bid to the boards, when I have come
To the last word and flourish of my cue.

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, March 8, 1866.]

MAD AND FOOL.

'Twas only long years after I left school,
I learned the difference between mad and fool,
And that, although I am of each the brother,
I'm not exactly either one or other;
Not thorough mad, for I do not suppose
All the men in the world my deadly foes;
Nor quite a fool, for I do not pretend
That every man I meet 's my bosom friend.
The juste milieu is mine, for I know well
That every man 's my friend who has to sell
Something I want to buy, and none my foe
Save him who has no hope from me of mo'.

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, Febr., 1866.]

TO A LADY.*

So thou 'dst have me always sighing;
See mine eyes for ever wet;
Hear me always talk of dying: —
GOING TO HEAVEN: THIS HOUSE TO LET.

By my faith, no; I 'm too old now,
Far too old now, so to joke;
To the stripling bard I leave it,
In the elegy to croak.

Let the stripling bard who pleases,
Hang with clouds his brightest day,
Chaunt his Night Thoughts to the moonlight,
In the haunted forest stray.

Off, ye ghosts! off to your churchyards!
Devils blue, I hate ye all:
Spent, my day; I 'll spend my evening
At gay Humour's fancy ball;

* who had written to me that she admired my verses to the Griesse (see page 188) written nearly fifty years ago, more than many of my later poems, and asked: "Why dost thou not always give play to thy natural feelings? why indulge in cold satire?"

There with Satire I 'll quadrille it,
Waltz it there with Epigram,
While the bagpipe and the fiddle
Strike up lively: LIFE 'S A SHAM.

Not till after toll of midnight,
Talk to me of rest or sleep;
Once to bed, let no one wake me
Out of slumber sweet as deep.

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, Febr. 11, 1866.]

SOLDIER AND VIVANDIERA.

"Alternis dicetis, amant alternâ Camenae."

SOLDIER.

To sweeten one half of the year,

VIVANDIERA.

Coll' arte e coll' inganno

SOLDIER.

You 've^d but to cheat and drink small beer;

VIVANDIERA.

Si vive mezzo l' anno;

SOLDIER.

To make the other half as sweet,

VIVANDIERA.

Coll' inganno e coll' arte,

SOLDIER.

You 've but to drink small beer and cheat.

VIVANDIERA.

Si vive l' altra parte.

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 3, 1866.]

COWPER'S ROSE.

"THE rose had been washed, just washed in a shower
Which Mary to Anna conveyed;" —
So Mary and Anna, no less than the flower,
Got a washing which stood them in stead.

And had I been the poet, I had taken my share
Of a washing could do no one harm;
Then, to dry the whole four, made a turn in the air,
With a beautiful maid on each arm,

And a red blushing rose in my coat button-hole,
All the four so fresh, shining and gay;
There 's no one who met us wouldn't say in his soul,
"What a washing they 've all got today!"

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, April 16, 1866.]

WHO keeps a lapdog need seek no excuse;
Its very use is — that it is no use.
It 's superfluity that makes genteel;
We cock a feather on buff coat and steel.

[CHRISTIANSTRASSE, DRESDEN, Nov. 19, 1865.]

HYPHEN AND HYMEN.

HYPHEN and HYMEN! wizards skilled to couple
Two blessed singles into one curst double.
Hymened one wizard's own self, HY and PHEN,
Hyphened the other wizard, HY and MEN.

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, April 30, 1866.]

*Sub persona: — Mrs. Jane Hopkins, inviting the author to drink
tea with her on her eighty-fifth birthday, Jan. 5, 1844.*

It it please God I am alive
Next Friday, I 'll be eighty-five;
Come then, I pray, dear James, and spend
That evening with your poor old friend,
Who, with more joy, another year
Will enter on, if you are here.
Tea and hot cake we 'll have at seven;
You 'll sing or dance until eleven;
And I will sit and hear your song,
Or see you trip the floor along
To the piano's liveliest measure,
Till eye and ear drink-in such pleasure
That I forget my age's pain,
And my old heart grows young again.
Then, when you 've sung and danced your fill,
To the pie we 'll fall, with right good will,

The Christmas pie of well spiced meat,
For bishop or lord mayor, a treat.
The pie discussed, we 'll wash it down
With glass on glass of Stanley's brown
Sherry, or port or calcavella,
Till youth grows warm and age grows mellow,
And then we 'll part, ere peep of light —
So don't forget next Friday night.

[FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, Jan. 2, 1844.]

TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES,
THE LORDS JUSTICES.

M_r Lords Justices of Ireland, listen to me, rich James Lennox
William Naper;
Though you seem to know your business well, there 's no harm
in giving you a flapper;
It 's neither to amuse myself nor you, I write this present
letter,*
But just by way of practice, and the next, it will be better.

I sat, as you know, on a Commission with his Grace, the
Archbishop of Dublin,
Hatching out the reason why the Irish tenantry keep the country
such a trouble in,

* For Mr. Naper's letter to the Lords Justices of Ireland, recommending the building of the Irish workhouses, see Saunders' News-letter, Nov. 7. 1840.

And instead of paying their rents quietly, when the half-year
day 's come round,

Enroll themselves in Ribbon-clubs and hold possession of the
ground:

And if any one the courage has to ask for what 's his own,
Pop! through his back a bullet goes, or at his head a stone;
Or it 's maybe when the family 's just sitting down to tea,
slugs patter

In through the parlour window-sash, and cups and saucers
shatter.

We were hard put to it, I freely own, both myself and the
Archbishop,

But the true cause of all this trouble in the long run we did
fish up:

THE TENANTS SHOOT THEIR LANDLORDS, AND REFUSE TO PAY THEIR RENT,
JUST BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO WORKHOUSES TO GO INTO WHEN ALL THEIR
MONEY 'S SPENT.

Now if by chance there is any one so dull as not to understand
That this, and this alone, 's the true cause of all the troubles
of the land,

Let him only read the Answer your Excellencies lately wrote
To the magistrates of the county where Lord Norbury was shot,
And Mr. Biddulph wounded, in the broad, high noon of day,
Men, women, and children looking on, just as if it were a play.

But though your Answer, my Lords Justices, makes it seem
to me as clear

As moonshine, the moonshiniest night in Ireland round the year,
That want of workhouses is the cause of all the sad ills we
endure,

And the building of workhouses the only sure and certain cure,
Yet I 'm bold to tell your Lordships in as plain words as I can,
When our workhouses are finished, we 'll be just where we
began.

It isn't that the landlords won't have to pay the rates,
Which will swallow up the quarter or the half of their estates,
— On the average, I mean, for, when the Union's poor,
The Guardians must the whole take, and the Act allows them,
to be sure —

But then the tenant to pay his rent won't have one penny more,
And tenant-ejecting and landlord-shooting will go on just as
heretofore,

And one of your Excellencies may the first be, to be shot,
Which, as a friend and fellow land-holder, I pray God he
may not.

But God is good, I need not tell you, my most excellent Lords
Justices,

And if you but make haste enough with the building of the
workhouses,

And to put the Act in force, which to the Guardians of the poor
Assigns over our estates, you will at once secure

Not our precious lives alone, but whatever residue of our estates
May be remaining over for us landlords, after payment of
the rates;

And in cases where there's nothing left, there will still be
refuge sure

For the landlords, in the workhouses, as for any other poor.

And now until the next time, my Lords Justices, adieu!

Your most obedient servant,

JAMES LENNOX WILLIAM NAPER
OF LOUGHCREW.

[FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, NOV. 1840.]

TO THE RIVER GRIESE.

SWEETLY unconscious flows thy gentle stream,
Nor know'st thou aught of joy or misery;
But I, a weary traveller through life's dream,
Must taste of joy and woe each strange extremity.

How dear to me those banks in silence clipt
And gently pressed by thy unheeding tide!
How dear those trees in thy soft splendors dipt,
Bending in fondness from thy parent side!

But thou, — no lover's rapture speeds thy pace,
This sacred spot approaching from afar;
No lover's anguish bids thee stay to trace
The last faint lines, ere fate's eternal bar.

For ever close upon thee — I must go,
But not, like thee, indifferent. Turn, my feet;
Joyous ye came — unwilling now, and slow:
Farewell, ye hallowed haunts, Elizabeth's* retreat.

[Written in BALLITORE (Co. KILDARE), June 1818, in Mary Leadbeater's garden on the Griese, being the author's first rencontre with one of the Nine. See page 181.]

* Formerly the residence of Miss Elizabeth Smith, and still known by the name of The Retreat. See Fragments of the late Elizabeth Smith.

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CORRIGENDA

in POEMATIA:

- Page 18, line 1, instead of EMIGRE read EMIGRÉ.
- Page 35, line 4 from top, instead of Às read As
- Page 44, line 8 from top, instead of day's read Day's
- Page 66, line 1, instead of Òn read On
- Page 74, line 7 from top, instead of stóut-heart, read stóut heart,
- Page 94, line 2 from top, after both supply comma.

in MY BOOK:

- Sign. H4, line 4 from bottom, instead of ánd takes read and tákes

in A HALF YEAR'S POEMS:

- Page 53, line 7 from bottom, instead of vénta read fónða
- Page 55, line 8 from bottom, instead of vénta, read fónða,

in THALIA PETASATA:

- Page 26, line 15 from top, instead of pallid purple read pallid, primrose
- Page 61, instead of lines 9—15 from top, read:
High on the spur's alluvium-covered slope,
Above our heads it stands, upon the right,
Commanding wide the prospect of the valley
From westward Monte Pin's and Maddalena's
Conical summits and the hamlets spread
White at their base — Preghena and Varòl,
Lanza, Miòn, and Cort — by Nos ravine
(Under Mont' Osol's opposite, sunny side)
Cagnò, Revò and Castel Malgolo,
To dear San Zeno, eastward, and Verdès,
And high Revenna's dolomitic range
This side the Landl and the Vale of Adige.
- Page 118, line 5 from bottom, instead of tasselled read tasseled
- Page 185, line 11 from top, instead of rolled read dragged

Page 185 after the last line, insert:

Second and greater Romulus, unforecast,
Unsung, undeified, to whose straw-roofed hut
North of the Danube, the first Romulus' heirs
Sending their quit-rent punctual, had leave
To hold their smoking ruins, unmolested.

in RELIGION, WORDLY-MINDEDNESS AND PHILOSOPHY:

Page 23, line 4 from the end, after dreams read:

of Descartes and Voltaire and Frederick the Great,
of Helvetius and Diderot, of Hobbes and Hume and
Spinoza and Kant and Bayle and Gibbon and Humboldt and Goethe, but not daring even so much as
to mention the name of one of them in reputable
society.

in BRITISH LEGATIONS:

Page 4, line 5 from top, instead of pleas-ure read pleasure

Page 6, line 4 from bottom, instead of hour's denunciation read hour's hearty denunciation

Page 7, line 5 from bottom, instead of Russel read Russell

Page 12, line 4 from bottom, after trout, insert:

sometimes — no, not "whistling as I went, for want of thought," but thinking as I went, for want of whistle, how far it was or was not owing to the good offices, on both sides, of that drowsy pacificator, Bavarian beer, we had not had long ere this, another Sir Wm. Mc Naghten shot through his heart here in Munich by another Akhbar Khan, another Mr. Oliphant or Mr. Alcock dangerously wounded, and perhaps, at this very moment, another nice little Affghan or Japanese war on our hands with these German barbarians —

BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

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MILIARIA ACCURATIUS DESCRIPTA. Dublin, 1832.

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ting I. MINOR POEMS. II. LETTER TO THE
ES, BEING A CRITICISM ON THE STYLE OF LORD
MENTARIES ON THE ENEIS. IV. SPECIMEN OF
ENEIS. Dublin, 1851.

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GEDICHTE VON JAMES HENRY, DEUTSCH VON JULIUS SCHANZ. Dresden, 1854.

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ADVERSARIA VIRGILIANA written for translation into German, and published in that language in the **GÖTTINGEN PHILOGUS**, vols. XI, XII, XIII, XVII.

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BRITISH LEGATIONS, A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING HERALD, CONCERNING THE LATE AGGRESSION ON THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN JAPAN. Dresden, 1861.

MENIPPEA. Dresden, 1866.